

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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FATAL ACCIDENT AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION ON SATURDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 20.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The letter of "Infelix" to the *Times* as regards the multitude of his uninvited correspondents is pathetic; but one cannot help wondering who, or rather what, he is. "I am not," he says, "an M.P., I am not in business, I possess no patronage; I am simply a quiet worker, who now and then publishes a book; and yet I am nearly drowned in the constant stream of letters from every part of the world." I know people who publish books more than "now and then," and who are similarly favoured by correspondents, but without suffering so much. A sensible man who has some good taste can surely decide as to what letters need or do not need a reply. His many merely curious correspondents and his few impudent ones can be put aside at once; and though there may still remain a considerable number whom it would not be rude to leave unanswered, it is kinder and better to give them a few words of reply. Why "Infelix" should "consume two or three hours every morning" in the operation, one cannot conceive, unless he himself is afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*. It is no pleasure, of course, for a hard-worked man of letters to write a note, however brief, to an unknown correspondent on the other side of the globe, but it may give the recipient a very great pleasure. The seed of sympathy, or of good advice, may yield a harvest of which the sower may know nothing till years afterwards; but when, as sometimes happens, he does come to hear of it, he is surely more than repaid. Few literary workers can be accused of initiating a correspondence with anybody, but, within reasonable limits, they should reply to letters they receive, especially from those of their own calling. Perhaps "Infelix" has the same weakness which Thackeray confesses to, for replying to these correspondents (to get them off his mind) before he sits down to his own work; if so (for that way madness lies) I am astonished at his moderation in denouncing them.

Everyone knows how a little rain is found sufficient to save us from keeping an unattractive engagement. "The weather looks so very threatening, you know, that we hardly liked to venture," we say, even if there is no rain, while half-a-dozen drops of actual rainfall is an excuse in full. The Artificial Rain Company of Kansas has just been placed in a similar position. If it could only have intimidated the clouds, with its explosions and evil smells, to shed a shower, it would have received the 500 dollars agreed upon by the dried-up farmer; but in five days it could only catch the tail of a thunderstorm, obviously not "its thunder," and he declined to pay a cent. He said that there was "not enough rain to swear by"; but there he was mistaken. The A.R.C. seems to have been very much put out, and to have shown it.

In order, we are told, that nothing may be wanting to make the World's Fair at Chicago complete, "samples of good boys from all nations of the earth will be collected" to the expected number of 5000, who will be addressed by the leading educators of the age. The committee must be very sanguine who expect to find so many good boys anywhere, and also exceedingly selfish, since the effect of their proceedings will be to leave the rest of the world with only bad boys. Of what these are capable, even with the present leaven of good boys to mitigate them, we are all aware. Surely, if there be any truth in the general opinion about Chicago, it is the bad boys who ought to be sent there, especially as that additional punishment is to be provided of an address by the leading educators of the age. One must have been a very bad boy indeed, however, to have deserved this.

The advertisement of the brigand Candino in the *Journal of Sicily*, complaining of a correspondent's letter, is curiously illustrative of the march of civilisation. He is still pursuing his profession at the head of a considerable band, and he begs to state "through your esteemed columns" (for which purpose he forwards five francs) that the remarks in question are injurious to him. "We do not touch the poor who work for their living, but only the rich. Nor do we kill persons with a dagger, as is infamously asserted of the man Cassetaro: we shot him." This is a sort of discussion of which, when the editor says "This correspondence must now cease," we shall expect Signor Candino to have had the last word.

It is not a bad suggestion of the *Spectator* that poor Paterfamilias, who has had so much of wearisome trips abroad and seaside lodgings at home, should just for once elect to take his autumn holiday in London. It is always pleasant (for a little time) to have nothing to do in a place where at other times one has to work pretty hard; there is almost a sense of sin about it, which (as in the case of the Christian who, in sitting down to his favourite pork chop, "only wished he were a Jew") undoubtedly gives zest to enjoyment. Moreover, in late August we have the town to ourselves, and of such spectacles as it affords one has almost a private view. It is also certain that Paterfamilias often knows considerably less than his country cousins, and very much less than his

American cousins, of the sights London has to offer. But what the *Spectator* leaves out of the account is that poor Paterfamilias is not so young as he used to be, and, indeed, has reached that mature and philosophical age at which "we can stand a great deal of not seeing things." He would rather give five shillings out of his pocket than take sixpennyworth of trouble, and "seeing things" in town costs a great deal of trouble. It is all very well, for instance, for him to say, "I will run down to the Crystal Palace," but he cannot run down there, or even walk. He has to take a cab to Victoria Station, and a train to the Palace, and *vice versa*, which is not his idea of spending a happy day. As to the British Museum or the National Gallery, nobody after forty "does" these things for pleasure—they are too exhausting. One would almost as soon think of climbing up the Monument—a thing which, if it is not done in the superfluous strength and spirits of youth, is never done. To be sure, there is the Tower, but one has to get to the Tower, which since the good old historic times (when it was easy enough) is not so easy. It is my firm conviction that if Paterfamilias was not dragged at the chariot wheels of his wife and family down to the seaside, but was permitted to pass his holiday in peace in London, he would pass it at home, and see no sights at all.

The idea that people want to "see things," and are willing to be put to inconvenience to do so in mature years, is a delusion similar to that entertained by the political economists respecting labour. They used to lay it down that good wages was the universal desideratum and the one thing needful, and took little account of the desire for leisure; it is now understood that even gold may be bought too dear, and that a little time to breathe and look about one is as much an object of aspiration as financial prosperity. In later life, when the intelligence is matured, how one regrets the unnecessary sacrifices one has made of our personal comfort—generally upon the altar of Swelldom! What has Swelldom ever done for us?—what can it ever do to make up for the inconveniences it has caused us? For my part, I have long come to the conclusion that the great test of human intelligence is the more or less early period at which a man—and still more a woman, for she generally remains in servitude much longer—throws off this intolerable yoke. One sees many persons to their lives' end attend the Juggernaut-car of Society, and even perish under its wheels, long after they have lost the least ray of interest in its progress. They frequent dinner parties of four-and-twenty in the heat of July—not the "four-and-twenty brisk young fellows" of the ballad, but a couple of dozen of as dull people, perhaps, as can be got together in Mayfair; they are even afterwards found perspiring on the crowded staircases of Lady This or That. And all for what? Perhaps to see their names next day in the *Morning Post*. Literature may be a hard calling, but it is, at least, an easier way of seeing oneself in print than that. The marvel is that these excellent folks do not, as the poet expresses it, "drop off gorged" after, at most, a year or two of it; but their perseverance is such (especially when one considers that nothing comes of it all) that in a better cause it would be described as martyrdom. As Napoleon ignored the word "impossible," so they voluntarily erase the word "comfort" from their dictionaries, and substitute for it what is very far from being its synonym. Poor creatures!

Folks who object to trouble and inconvenience and like their little comforts are often met by the rude remark, "So do other people." This is not true. A good many persons, if we are to believe their words, or what they state in print, are quite above such weaknesses. The philosophers (who are, however, generally pretty well off) assert that poverty is not only not an evil but something to be thankful for. Some of them even assert that pain itself is a benefit, and if accepted in the proper spirit, so far from tempting us to use swear-words, teaches us the most excellent lessons. Again, quite a multitude of commonplace people affirm that they take pleasure in travelling. If they mean going rapidly through the air in an express train (as Dr. Johnson, liked a postchaise and four) the statement is credible enough; but travelling means a good many other things—packing and unpacking, cabs, early rising, strange beds, and, if it be marine travel, sharing a horizontal cupboard with a stranger subject to sea-sickness. It is ridiculous for persons who are indifferent to these horrors to pretend to value comfort. Similarly, a good many persons get credit for being genial with everybody, and patient when buttonholed by a bore; whereas, as a matter of fact, one companion is pretty much the same to them as another, and they feel no sense of discomfort with anybody. They are "virtuous" because they have no taste for "cakes and ale," and would just as soon eat porridge. A, one of the most delightful of men, but for whom "the best of everything" was cruelly said to be hardly good enough, was once travelling with B, who was delicate in the chest. It was necessary for them both to go out on a pouring wet day, and A said: "Take my goloshes." B not only looked his surprise but expressed it: "Well, I always thought you a pleasant companion, but still a sort of fellow who, if there was but one arm-chair in a room, would be certain to take it." "Of course I would,"

was the quiet reply, "because I find the need of an arm-chair more than other people. If our conditions of health had been equal, I should probably have taken *your* goloshes; but, much as I dislike getting my feet wet, if would not endanger my life, as it might do in your case, and therefore I lend you *mine*. Those who call me selfish are mistaken; but I have a fine sense of comparison, and, knowing that I appreciate comforts better than most people, I take care that they shall go without them rather than I."

The Sultan of Turkey, we are told, has just done a stroke of business in the autocratic line decidedly original. He has issued a revised edition of the Koran, adapted to his own views. This is the most "high-handed outrage in Utica" that has yet been attempted by "the authorities." It used to be forbidden to read the Bible, but nobody, save that unlucky printer who was burnt to death for it, ever thought of altering the text to suit his little weaknesses. The Mollahs are naturally very angry; more furious than even our classical head masters would be if the Queen in Council should decree "longs" to be henceforth "shorts," and "shorts" to be "longs," for it is the quality and not the quantity of the Koran that has been altered. Certain "vital passages of the original text" have been expunged, such as "God doth not love oppressors," a remark which the Father of the Faithful no doubt considers as too personal. Whether the exact contrary is asserted in its place is not stated; perhaps it will "appear in a later edition."

Some good people seem much distressed that there are no railway schools in this country "to give a practical working familiarity of detail" to the staff, as on the Continent. At present, however, in spite of this void, our trains go faster, and with fewer accidents, than abroad. It is also certain that our railway officials are far more civil to passengers, but perhaps (as in the famous case of "twopence for manners") lessons in politeness are an extra. How our poor railway officials, some of whom seem to be worked not "eight hours a day" but sixteen, are to find time for school, is also a problem; the greatest fanatic for education would rather see them find time—or rather have time found for them—for play.

In the *Wiltshire Times* an advertiser—for, as Mr. Crummles says, "I don't know who puts these things in; I don't"—offers a great opportunity to photographers. "Notice. Baptising by the Rev. A. E. J. Sternor Water, next Sunday at 10.30 a.m. Photographers invited." We read in the "Biglow Papers" that "they didn't know everything down in Judee," and certainly among the things unknown to the early Church were photographers. As it appears the reverend gentleman uses "total immersion," it will be impossible, even by a snap shot, to take the subjects at the most interesting moment: they will probably have two mementoes of their appearance on this unique occasion—when they are wet and when they are dry.

It is not generally known that Paris to the eyes of the French provincial has its streets paved with gold, just as London presents itself to our Whittingtons. A poor fellow old enough to know better accordingly put his wife and five children into a cart the other day, and with infinite labour dragged them up to his metropolis. So far from being welcomed effusively, they have all seven been arrested as vagabonds.

A noble lord is agitating for the doing away with the necessity for evening dress at the opera. This affects but a few people. He is, perhaps, not aware that persons are often deterred from going to the theatre for the same reason. They suddenly wish to see a play, and would dine at their club and do so had they their evening clothes with them; but they very naturally shrink from going a couple of miles or so, out and in, for the purpose of donning them, and yet dare not go as they are. They are weak-minded folk, of course; but there are a good many people of that kind. In the whole of Europe the more convenient practice of going to the play "as you are" is adopted, with the exception of the British Isles. The "Mayfair Clothes-Horse," as Carlyle called him, is here as rampant as ever. To see Shakspere act in one of his own plays, perhaps even a sensible man would drive four miles to put on a swallow-tailed coat; but one feels very sure that Shakspere would think him a fool for his pains.

It has been discovered that Cuban bank-notes are very unwholesome, no less than nineteen thousand noxious germs having been detected in two of them by the microscope; and upon these being introduced into a guinea-pig the animal died. A "guinea-pig," as he is called in the City, would not easily be induced to swallow a Cuban bank-note, so that the risk seems a little fanciful so far as this country is concerned. Persons of science now advance the theory that all paper money is to be avoided on sanitary grounds; but they can hardly have lived in Scotland. The classical phrase "non olet" does not certainly apply to Scotch bank-notes; yet they have been in circulation for many years without injuring the inhabitants—indeed, the more they have of them the more they thrive.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## RECOGNITION OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

Lord Salisbury has marked his retirement from office by a proper and graceful act. He has distributed three baronetcies and a knighthood among some of his chief supporters in the Press. Mr. Edward Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. John Jaffray, of the *Birmingham Post*, and Captain Armstrong, of the *Globe*, are all to become baronets, and Dr. William Smith, the venerable scholar and editor of the *Quarterly*, the great magazine to which Lord Salisbury was in the old days a contributor, is made a knight. It is understood that Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, could have had a peerage under certain conditions which he has not chosen to accept, but the list of honours to journalists has not, as was expected, been rounded with a peerage to Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the chief ex-Ministerial organ, the *Times*.

The most notable of these dignitaries is, perhaps, Sir Edward Lawson, the chief proprietor and still the nominal director of the *Telegraph*. Mr. Lawson is the son of the founder of the paper, the late Mr. J. M. Levy-Lawson, whose portrait still hangs in one of the editorial rooms of the great office in Fleet Street. Mr. Lawson served his apprenticeship to journalism under that remarkable man, and he finished as editor-manager of the paper he owns. He never, perhaps, wrote very much, though he made a good dramatic critic of the *Sunday Times*. He has a seat in Bucks, is an alderman of the Bucks County Council, and is the year's president of the Institute of Journalists, the members of which he will help to entertain at Edinburgh. He is a clever and successful man of the world, and the *Telegraph's* support of the Unionist Government was, no doubt, a considerable element in its success.

Captain Armstrong, the proprietor and editor of the *Globe*, the oldest existing evening paper, and the founder and part proprietor of that very successful weekly journal the *People*, has had a mixed military and journalistic career. He is the son of the late Colonel Armstrong, of the Bengal Army, and went through the Indian Mutiny, where he served in the Irregular Cavalry, was badly wounded, and received a pension for his services. After serving at the Royal Military College, he entered journalism in 1874 as manager of the *Globe*. The year 1881 saw the founding of the *People*, at an exciting crisis in political affairs, of which that journal very cleverly availed itself.

The services of the *Birmingham Daily Post* to Unionism in the Midlands have not been too highly recognised by Sir John Jaffray's baronetcy. Sir John is unquestionably a man of great powers of management, coupled with real literary ability, and to-day the great paper which he founded is one of the ablest and most powerful in England. It arose out of the old *Birmingham Journal*, from which sprang in succession the *Daily Post*, the *Daily Mail*, the halfpenny evening paper, and the *Weekly Post*. Sir John Jaffray has been more than a journalist, however; he is an active public man of genuine eminence. He built the Jaffray Suburban Hospital at Birmingham, has served as High Sheriff of Warwickshire, and has gathered together a great fortune from many enterprises. Birmingham has produced few more notable men. Sir John has remained an independent Liberal Unionist, and, next to Mr. Chamberlain, he wields, perhaps, a stronger individual influence in the great Midland town than any of its citizens.

Dr. William Smith's knighthood is a recognition of literature rather than of journalism. The editor of the *Quarterly* is, of course, a suitable person, but he is hardly less widely known as the editor of the six great volumes of dictionaries of classical biography and antiquities which stand on the bookshelves of every scholar in the country. His scholarship is not, perhaps, of the most brilliant order, but it has always been sound and strong.

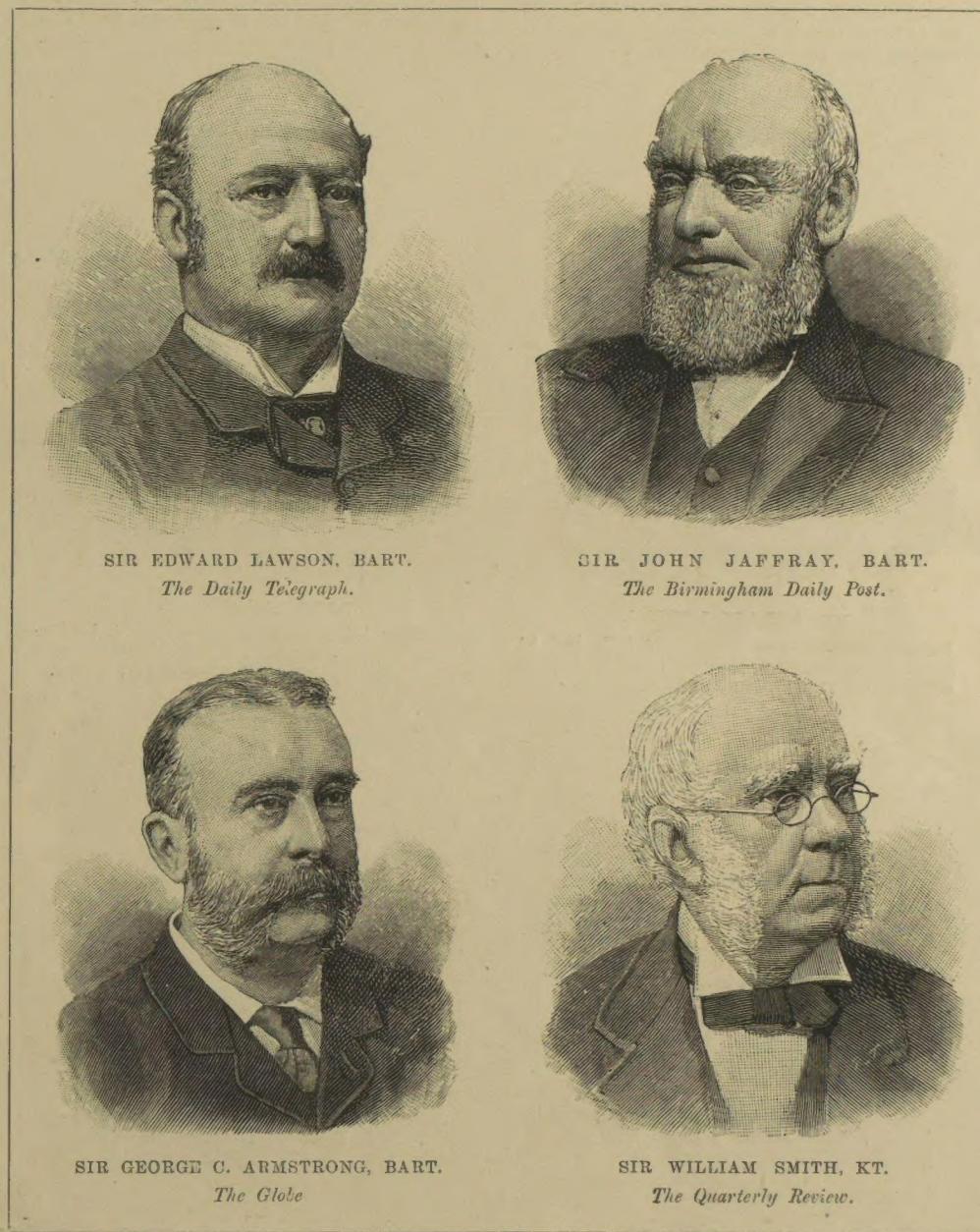
## COLLISION AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

A collision of railway trains followed by a conflagration of carriages is one of the most frightful combined accidents that sometimes occur in the locomotive system. This happened at ten o'clock on Saturday evening, Aug. 20, within two hundred yards of Clapham Junction, where the London and South-Western, the Brighton, the Crystal Palace, and the Metropolitan District and West-London lines of traffic meet each other. Happily, no passengers lost their lives; but the guard of an empty South-Western train from Bournemouth, George Webley, suffered a most dreadful death. His train, which had just arrived, was being taken into the yard at Clapham Junction. It stood on the rails near the signal-box, fifty yards from the Latchmere Road Bridge. A train full of passengers from Waterloo Station to

Hounslow and Feltham, having passed Vauxhall and Queen's Road, was approaching Clapham Junction. Perhaps its driver was not duly warned by signals, or he may not have observed them. His train dashed into the train of empty carriages with great force. Two of these—the rear carriage being the guard's van—were lifted up and thrown upon the top of the engine of the train which had struck them from behind. At the bottom of those carriages were the reservoirs of gas; these were broken, and the gas took fire, of course, from the engine below. Poor Webley, besides having both legs smashed, was horribly burnt and scalded; he died three hours later at the Wandsworth and Clapham Infirmary. The engine-drivers and firemen and three passengers were slightly hurt. All the carriages of the empty train were burnt. The fire could not be extinguished for some hours.

## LORD TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

There are few spots in England to which the literary sentiment attracts us more keenly than the Lincolnshire district where Lord Tennyson was born and where the Laureate spent his early years. Not Stratford-on-Avon, not even the Buckinghamshire associated with Milton, is so distinctively redolent of the great poet who loved it as



## A RECOGNITION OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

Somersby may claim to be. In that "pretty pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ash-trees" Tennyson was born in 1809, and throughout his early verse we are constantly brought with loving minuteness in contact with some one or other feature of the landscape. Now it is the Manor House, portrayed for us as the "Moated Grange," now the church where his father officiated, and now the Rectory, and—

The woods that belt the grey hillside,  
The seven elms, the poplars four  
That stand beside my father's door,  
. . . . . the brook that loves  
To purl o'er matted cross and ribbed sand,  
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves. . . .

Considerable interest, then, was naturally excited in literary circles by the announcement that the Somersby estate was for sale. In the auctioneer's catalogue the "Moated Grange" was described as a "comfortable gentleman's residence, pleasantly placed in charming pleasure-grounds, sheltered by magnificent forest trees, and overlooking beautiful shrubberies, lovely lawns and gardens, verdant meadows sloping to the winding trout-stream, the river Lymne, and the pretty pastoral country in the distance," while the Rectory was made the subject of a burst of fine sentiment on the part of Messrs. Hammatt and Co. All in vain, however. The property was put up at £25,000, when it advanced by many bids of £500, and one of £1000, to £36,500, where it stopped, although the auctioneer declared that some years ago he would have got people to bid £100,000 for the property. The owner refused to part with it for the highest bid offered, and the estate was withdrawn. The reserve price, so the report ran in the mart, was £40,000.

## THE FIRE AT GRINDELWALD.

Everyone who has been in Switzerland knows the charming little village of Grindelwald, in the Bernese Oberland, with its glaciers, its "Eismeer," its ice-cave, and splendid views of the Schreckhorn and Wetterhorn. From few spots in that country do we carry away more pleasant memories, and, apart from the disaster to individuals, there will be universal regret at the devastation which has just overtaken the Alpine valley. It was on the afternoon of Aug. 18 that a spark from some stove in the Bear Hotel (better known as the Hôtel Bär or as the Hôtel de l'Ours) was caught up by the Föhn wind and carried to the wooden roof. After half-a-dozen days of almost tropical heat the wooden walls were dry as matchwood. In ten minutes, writes a correspondent of the *Times* from Grindelwald, the upper floors were entirely consumed; ten minutes more and it was impossible to enter the lower storeys. Some of the two hundred tourists succeeded in saving their baggage, though most of them were content to save themselves, though they lost everything they had with them. The fierce, hot wind carried the sparks down the valley, first to the English church, then to the Hôtel Alpenruhe, to two cafés adjoining, then to chalet after chalet on each side of the road and some of them high on the hillside, until between eighty and ninety structures were destroyed.

In one hour they were reduced to piles of ashes. The poor peasants and guides who owned the smaller structures endeavoured to save their worldly goods, but even those which they succeeded in rescuing from the burning buildings were seized upon as they lay in the fields by the flames.

It was a pitiful picture this morning, continues the same correspondent—these thrifty folk, searching sorrowfully among the ashes and still smoking remnants of their homes for any of their hard-earned savings that might have escaped the fire. But they were only adding to their misery. Not a solitary sou did they find. There was nothing worth carrying away. So also at the hotels. A few articles of furniture were brought out into the garden, but the heat from the burning buildings ruined them. The destruction was complete. From the Bear southwards for half a mile the Grindelwald-thal is a veritable valley of desolation. Even the trees have been robbed of their leaves and branches, and now stand bare and gaunt as telegraph-poles; and the ripening corn and oats are burned down to the roots. The total loss cannot be less than £100,000, of which £40,000 falls upon the shoulders of the Brothers Boss, the proprietors of the Bear. They had a fine cellar of wine in the Bear worth £2000, and every bottle of it has gone. The building was of necessity insured, as were all the structures destroyed, for insurance is compulsory in the Canton of Berne, but the furniture and valuables are direct loss.

## THE TASHON EXPEDITION.

This expedition marched from Haka to visit the Tashon Chins on March 10, under the command of Major Howlett, 2nd Burmah Battalion.

The object of the expedition (writes Surgeon-Captain Newland, to whom we are indebted for Illustrations of the country and people) was to obtain the submission of the

Tashons—the most powerful tribe in these hills—and to establish a permanent post near their capital, Falam.

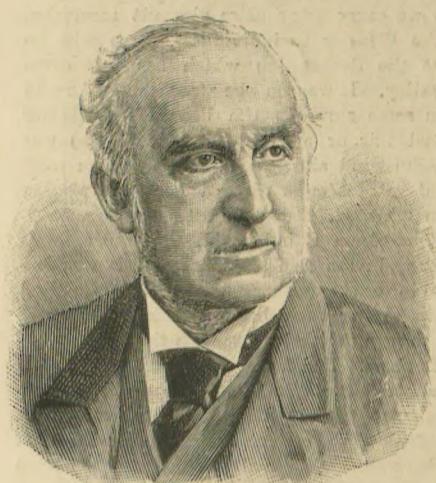
No opposition had been offered on the march, and the troops quietly occupied Falam on March 13—a notable day in the history of these hills, the first time foreigners had put foot in the Tashon capital. The village was almost deserted, and the head chiefs had also fled, no doubt fearing the displeasure of the Government for their attempts in trying to raise the tribes against us.

Having successfully accomplished the main object of the expedition, the Tashon column marched out of Falam on March 20 to visit the country of the Yahows, west of Falam. This occupied the column till April 2. During that time the whole of the Yahow country, up hill and down dale, was traversed, and all the larger villages visited. The people everywhere gave in their submission, paying the usual tribute.

## A GERMAN WAR-BALLOON.

In Germany, much attention has been directed of late to a new process of ballooning invented jointly by Herr Richter, a Lieutenant of Artillery, and by Herr Majert, a scientific chemist, for depriving gas of the moisture it contains, and so lessening its specific gravity, to augment its power of raising and sustaining a balloon, with regard to the size of the balloon and the volume of gas. This process is deemed likely to supersede both the use of the special gas manufactured by the Yon system and that of the condensed gas which is supplied by English and Italian companies. The German military balloon-car, also, as shown in our Illustration, is suspended from a trapeze, which lessens its oscillation.

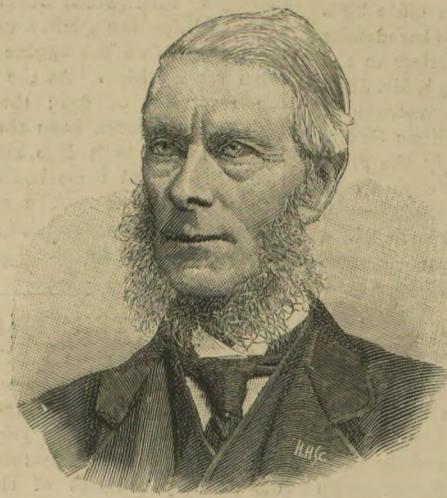
## THE NEW MINISTRY: "NOT IN THE CABINET."



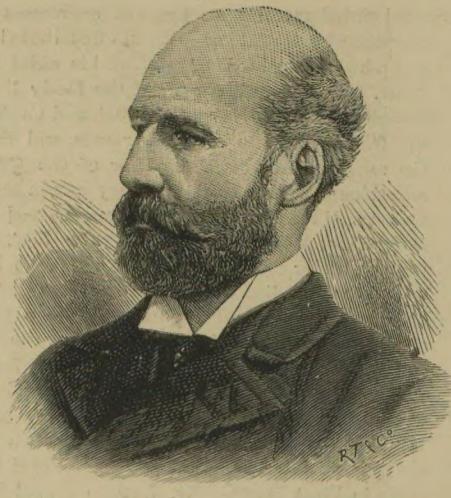
SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C.  
Attorney-General. Born 1833. M.P. for South Hackney since 1885; educated at Castleknock College and at Trinity College, Dublin; was Attorney-General 1885-86.



MR. JOHN RIGBY, Q.C.  
Solicitor-General. Born 1834. Sat in Parliament 1885-86; elected for Forfarshire in new Parliament; educated at Liverpool and at Trinity College, Cambridge.



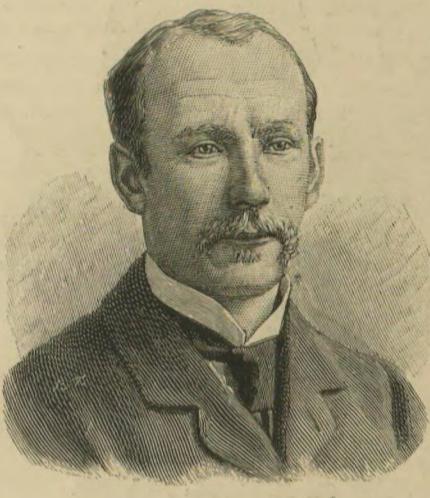
THE RIGHT HON. J. T. HIBBERT.  
Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Born 1824. M.P. for Oldham 1862-74 and 1877-85, unsuccessful 1886; educated at Shrewsbury and at St. John's College, Cambridge.



THE RIGHT HON. E. P. C. MARJORIBANKS.  
Patronage Secretary to the Treasury. Born 1849. M.P. for Berwickshire since 1880; educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford.



SIR EDWARD GREY.  
Under-Secretary Foreign Office. Born 1862. M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed since 1885; educated at Winchester and at Balliol College, Oxford.



MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.  
Under-Secretary Colonial Office. Born 1853. M.P. for Poplar Division of Tower Hamlets; educated at Clifton College and at Trinity College, Cambridge.



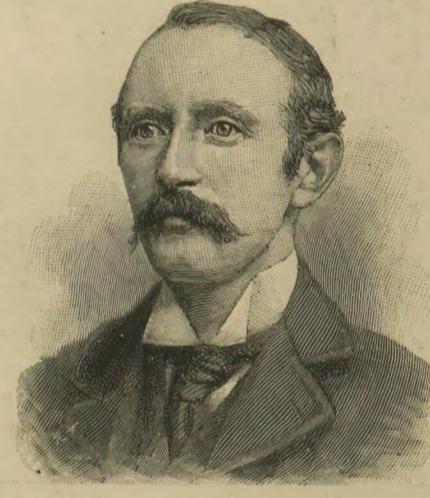
LORD SANDHURST.  
Under-Secretary War Office. Born 1855. A Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty 1880 to 1885; Under-Secretary War Office 1886; married a daughter of Earl Spencer.



MR. GEORGE RUSSELL.  
Under-Secretary India Office. Born 1853. Elected M.P. for North Bedfordshire in new Parliament; author; educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford.



MR. W. A. M'ARTHUR.  
Junior Lord of the Treasury. Born 1857; in Sydney, New South Wales. M.P. for Mid or St. Austell Division of Cornwall since 1887; Australian merchant.



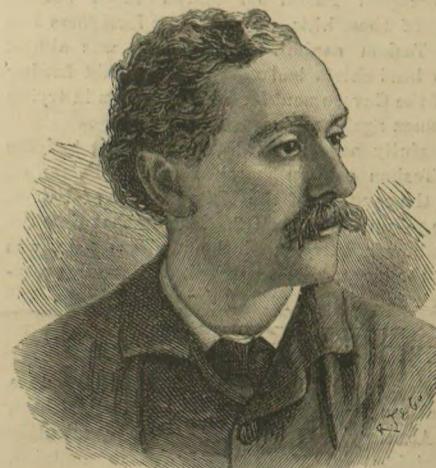
MR. T. E. ELLIS.  
Junior Lord of the Treasury. Born 1859. M.P. for Merionethshire from 1886; educated at University College, Aberystwith, and at New College, Oxford.



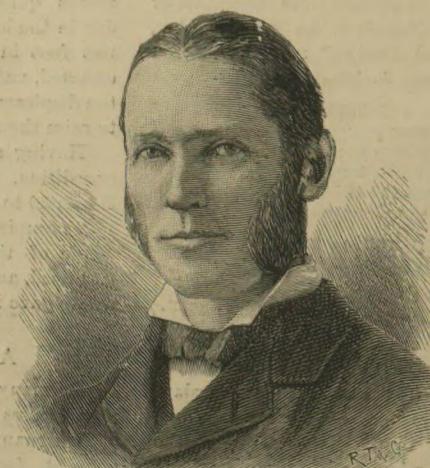
THE RIGHT HON. J. B. BALFOUR, Q.C.  
Lord Advocate for Scotland. Born 1837. M.P. for Clackmannan and Kinross since 1880; educated at Edinburgh Academy and at University of Edinburgh.



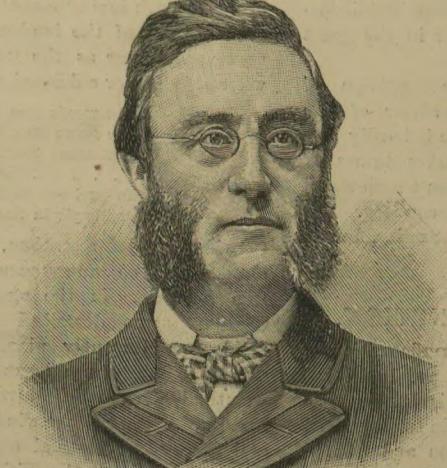
MR. GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER.  
Comptroller of the Household. Born 1858. M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent from March 1890; educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford.



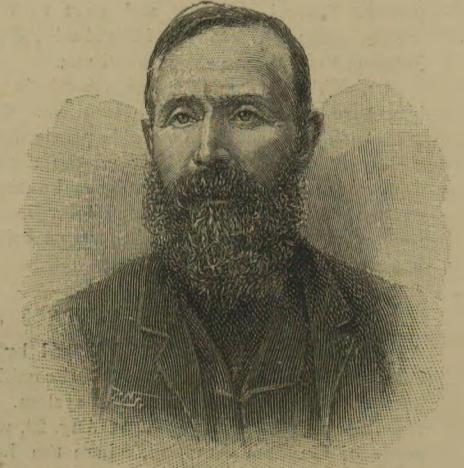
MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.  
Under-Secretary Home Office. Fourth son of the Prime Minister; M.P. for West Leeds; born 1854; educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford.



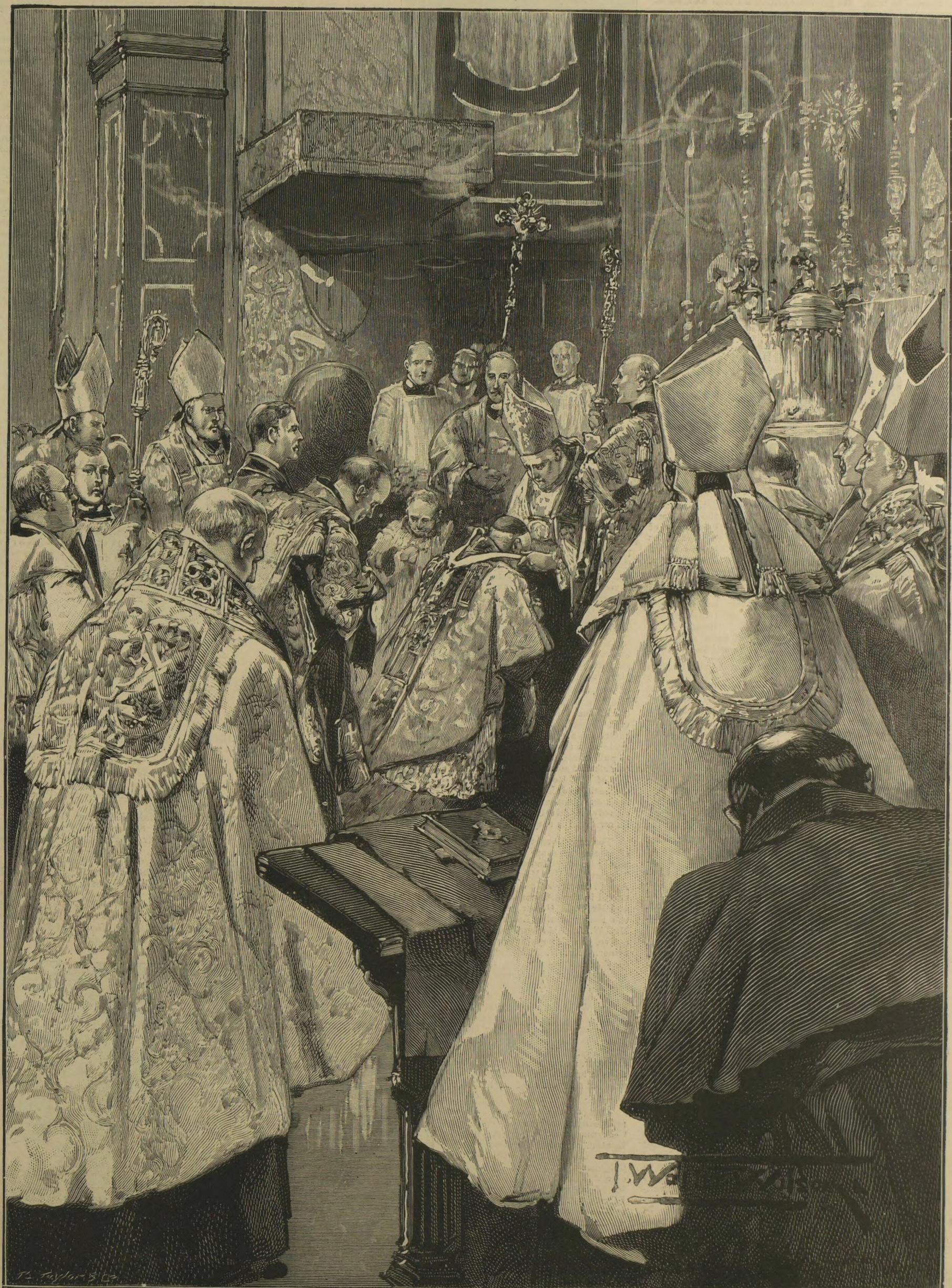
THE RT. HON. SIR U. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.  
Secretary to the Admiralty. Born 1844. M.P. for Clitheroe Division of Lancashire since 1885; educated at Harrow and at London University.



SIR B. WALTER FOSTER.  
Parliamentary Secretary Local Government Board. Born 1840. M.P. for Ilkeston Division of Derbyshire since 1887; educated at Dromore and Dublin.



MR. THOMAS BURT.  
Parliamentary Secretary Board of Trade. Born 1837. M.P. for Morpeth since 1874; has worked as a miner; educated at village schools.



THE INVESTITURE OF ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN WITH THE PALLIUM.

## PERSONAL.

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## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice are (says *Truth*) to pay a strictly private visit, early in October, to the Dowager Duchess of Athole, at Dunkeld House, Perthshire, and during her Majesty's stay she will probably spend a day at Taymouth Castle, Lord Breadalbane's splendid and beautiful place near Kenmore.

The Queen gave a dinner party at Osborne on Aug. 22, at which the Empress Eugénie, Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis of Lorne were present. The Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame D'Arcos, took leave of her Majesty the following day, and returned to Farnborough.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Homburg on Friday, Aug. 19, having travelled direct from London. H.R.H. will return to England about Sept. 13, when he is going to Balmoral to spend a few days with the Queen, and then to visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar, where he will probably remain until the middle of October.

The Princess and her daughters came up to Marlborough House on Wednesday, Aug. 17, from Osborne, where they had been staying with the Queen for ten days, and on Saturday they went down to Sandringham for a short residence before going to Scotland on a long visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, Princess May, and Prince Alexander of Teck, who have been staying several days at Cliveden, the Duke of Westminster's place near Maidenhead, concluded their visit on Aug. 23, and proceeded down the Thames in a steam-launch to Windsor, and thence by train to Mortlake, on their return to the White Lodge, Richmond.

Parliament was prorogued on Aug. 19 until Nov. 4. This is a mere formality, and in no way indicates an intention on the part of the Government to consider the question of an autumn Session. At the sitting of the House of Commons which preceded the prorogation Mr. Keir Hardie attempted to raise a debate on this question, but was ruled out of order by the Speaker. It is not expected that the Cabinet will meet again till October, though considerable work will be done in the interval by the Cabinet Committees which have been appointed to examine the principal subjects for legislation next Session. The arduous business of Ministry-making has practically ended with the appointment of Mr. Herbert Gardner as Minister of Agriculture, and the hopes and fears of office-seekers and their friends are now wreathing the faces of the successful with smiles or rankling in the bosoms of the rejected.

Speculation as to the composition of the Government is now succeeded by surmise as to the issue of the Newcastle election. Mr. Morley is the man of the hour. His candidature is opposed with a bitterness and a pertinacity rare even in the annals of English electioneering. Mr. Morley's new responsibilities have prevented him from fighting the battle in person since the very outset. He has been obliged to repair to Dublin to be sworn in as Chief Secretary, together with Lord Houghton as Lord Lieutenant, and during the formation of the Ministry he was detained in London. But he has found time to deliver an extremely spirited vindication at Newcastle and to heckle a deputation of working men on the much-vexed question of an eight-hours day. Mr. Morley has stood manfully to his guns in declining to commit himself to an experiment which he regards as economically unsound. His opponent, Mr. Ralli, is more amenable to pressure, and he has, in consequence, received the support of what is called "the Independent Labour Party"; and it is anticipated that this division in the ranks of the artisans will enable the Unionists to win the fight.

It is significant that Mr. Morley is supported by every representative of the Labour cause who comprehends the situation and has no desire to make the Unionist Opposition a present of the seat. If Mr. Morley should be defeated, it may, however, be fairly contended that Newcastle has become Conservative, and that the return of Mr. Hammond at the head of the poll by a majority of three thousand in July was not a temporary freak. In the event of disaster in the Tyne, Mr. Morley will probably find a seat in South Leeds, where a vacancy has been created by the elevation of Sir Lyon Playfair to the peerage. This is one of the most democratic constituencies in the kingdom, and to be Member for South Leeds may console Mr. Morley for the loss of Newcastle. It was thought that the Chief Secretary would be the only Minister who had to encounter opposition to his re-election, but Sir William Harcourt finds himself "landed" in a contest at Derby, where he is opposed by Mr. Farmer-Atkinson, whose eccentricities in the last Parliament earned for him an unfortunate notoriety.

The exclusion of Mr. Labouchere from the Government is still the theme of gossip. In a letter to one of his constituents, Mr. Labouchere ascribed his absence from the Ministry to the personal hostility of the Queen. In *Truth* he reiterates this opinion, and gives an amusing description of an interview with an emissary from Mr. Gladstone, who, he says, tried to persuade him to write a letter stating that he did not want office. After this it is not surprising that Mr. Labouchere should criticise the new Ministry with some acidity.

Trouble is expected in Ireland in the coming winter. Mr. William O'Brien declares that several landlords have already taken steps which will lead to wholesale evictions. These, he affirms, have been delayed so as to cause embarrassment to the new Government. There is party bias in this opinion, but evictions in any considerable numbers will lend some colour to the assertion that Mr. Balfour's friends in Ireland are disposed to be exacting now he is no longer in office. The position of the tenants who are already evicted is likely to demand delicate handling on the part of the Chief Secretary. It is claimed on their behalf that they ought to be reinstated in their holdings, and a Bill which had that object received the

support of the Liberal leaders in the late Parliament. Mr. Morley has informed the secretary of the Evicted Tenants' Association that the matter is receiving his most serious attention, as well it may.

Mr. Gladstone's choice of a Lord Lieutenant for Ireland is a surprise. It has fallen on Lord Houghton, a young man of thirty-four, a Yorkshire landowner, and a son of the peer whom literature and literary gossip know best as the still-famous Richard Monckton Milnes. Not that he is without

one piece of same, the value of the whole as metal—apart from any sentimental consideration—not exceeding £12 or £13. The articles were handed to the Treasury. In accordance with precedent, they will probably be sent to a museum, while their bullion value will go to the finder.

According to the statistics of the Irish Census, illiteracy in the sister island shows a gratifying decline. The Scotch Census reveals a large excess of women over men, except in the great towns. In Shetland, indeed, man threatens to become as extinct as the dodo. In view of this contingency, the advocates of women's rights might profitably turn their attention to that island, in order to organise its local administration on purely feminine principles.

The controversy which has arisen out of the Bishop of Chester's proposal to place the liquor traffic in the hands of municipal publicans is more amicable than might have been expected. The Bishop wishes to see some application of the Gothenburg system in this country. Sir Wilfrid Lawson says he has no objection, provided that local option enables the inhabitants of any district to decide whether they will have public-houses or not. This is friendly; but before such a compromise can be fully carried into effect the Bishop of Chester will have to persuade the Legislature to sanction the principle of liquor-trading by corporate bodies. Whether the temperance party and the House of Commons would give any encouragement to such a proposal is distinctly dubious. But why does not the Bishop induce some of his friends to form a private company for buying up public-house property and administering it on his plan?

England and Wales have been visited by shocks of earthquake, fortunately not severe enough to do any damage. The event has prompted many citizens to rush into print, and the numerous letters on the subject have considerably extended the earthquake in the experience of imaginative persons. Ladies looking out of window have seen the railings wag their heads, and gentlemen have a distinct recollection of having been rocked in bed like so many babies on the bosom of their mother earth. This sensation has made us all ignore the sea-serpent, which has, no doubt, been displaying its form without attracting that attention which is its due about this time of year.

On the Continent the most exciting topic is the extraordinary heat. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and the north of Italy have been sweltering with the thermometer at a hundred and something in the shade. It has seemed good to the military authorities in Germany, France, and Austria to carry on manoeuvres of troops, apparently with the humanly scientific object of ascertaining the effects of sunstroke on large masses of men. The experiment ought to be considered successful, for there have been several deaths, and in France upwards of two hundred soldiers are in hospital. The German Emperor is reported to have discouraged this branch of military organisation, and M. de Freycinet has ordered an inquiry.

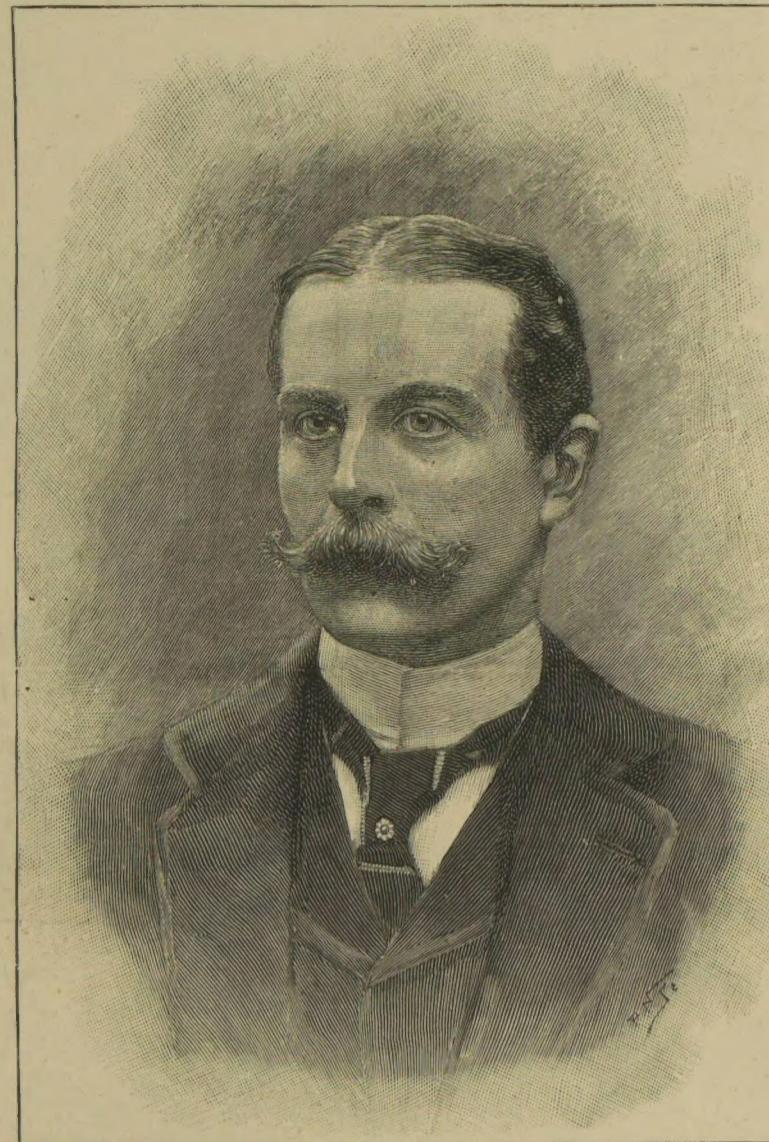
Much commotion has sprung from an alleged remark of the Emperor William on the subject of short service. The German Radicals demand a reduction of the term of military training from three years to two. The Kaiser is said to have set his face strongly against this measure on the ground that it would make the army ineffective. People whose business it is to predict the approach of comets and the fall of statesmen declare that there is a new Ministerial crisis over this question, and that it will lead to the retirement of Count von Caprivi. The authority of the Imperial Chancellor has been somewhat impaired ever since the famous *volte face* of the Kaiser over the Schools Bill; but, although Count von Caprivi's position is eagerly discussed by the German Press, there seems no reason to anticipate any rupture which would expose him to the fate of Bismarck.

A letter which Mr. Gladstone is stated to have written to an Italian politician is probably apocryphal. This epistle commits the Prime Minister to the opinion, not only that Italy's alliances are dangerous to her welfare, but that the Triple Alliance is not intended to preserve the peace of Europe. It is exceedingly unlikely that Mr. Gladstone would express any such view in such unguarded terms, and the fact that the supposed letter is being used for electioneering purposes in Italy is sufficiently suspicious.

It is not definitely known what M. Stambuloff achieved by his visit to Constantinople, and that wily diplomatist says he brought back nothing but a jewelled snuff-box. But the incident has caused no small disquiet at St. Petersburg, for it cannot be denied that M. Stambuloff was received with marked courtesy by the Sultan despite the frantic efforts of the Russian Embassy at Constantinople to prevent the meeting. Certainly, the position of Prince Ferdinand has been morally strengthened.

The labour riots in America have culminated in pitched battles between the Tennessee miners and the troops of the State. The commander of the troops was seized under a flag of truce, and threatened with lynching, but eventually the insurgents laid down their arms, and as, the telegrams drily remark, about two hundred and fifty "prominent citizens" of Tennessee are now in jail. At Buffalo the military have overawed the railway strikers, and the suspended traffic is being slowly resumed. What has been gained for the cause of labour by all this reckless lawlessness is not apparent, but the social problem in America is made all the more acute by the equally reckless despotism of the great commercial corporations.

Cholera is still making ravages in Persia, the daily deaths numbering eight or nine hundred, and it is reported to have made its appearance at Havre and Hamburg. But the calamity which appeals most strongly to Europeans is the disastrous fire at Grindelwald, in Switzerland. Few tourists are unacquainted with the Bear Hotel, which has been destroyed, together with three-fourths of the village. Switzerland has suffered a whole series of visitations this year, but, fortunately, the Grindelwald catastrophe was unattended by any loss of life.



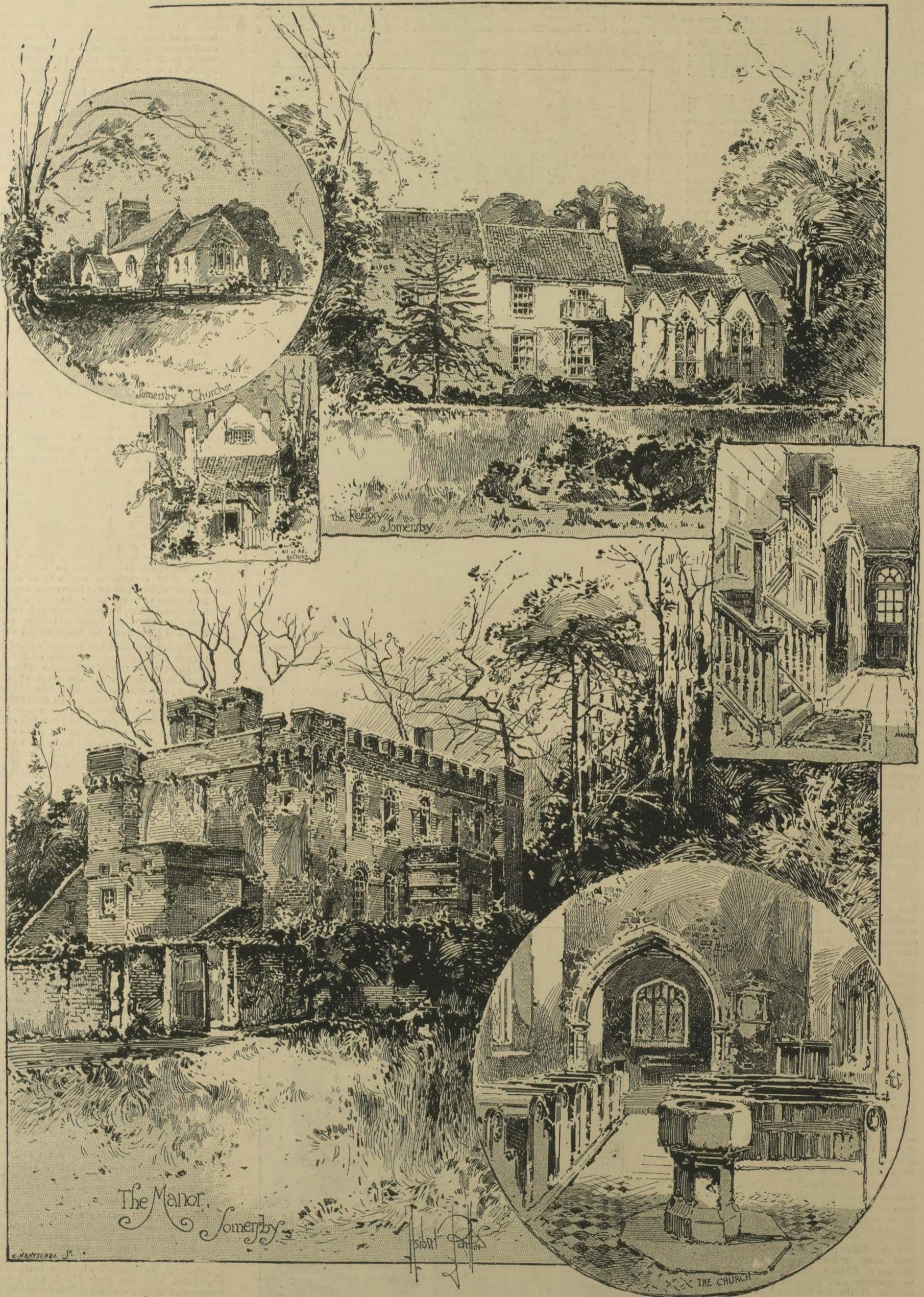
LORD HOUGHTON, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

talent, even of a literary character; for his recently published book of poems shows something more than a reminiscence of his father's peculiar grace and lightness of touch. He has, moreover, mixed to some extent in politics, and has travelled and studied, and inherits his father's tact and good sense. He is a widower, and will be represented socially at Dublin by his sister. He served as a Lord-in-Waiting in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1886, is rich, and is the reputed heir of Lord Crewe. He has already been sworn in privately, and will make his state entry into Dublin shortly.

A child, digging with a spade in a field adjoining Parliament Hill, has unearthed some pieces of ornamental silver work, which would have had but little interest had they not come under the law of "treasure trove," and thus necessitated the old-world custom of a coroner's inquest. This duly took place before Dr. Danford Thomas on Aug. 18. The articles proved to consist of two spirit or scent flasks of French manufacture, one cup, two broken candlesticks and



THE TREASURE TROVE AT HAMPSTEAD.



# FOUND! A True Incident OF THE FALL OF RICHMOND Related by Henry Herman.

## CHAPTER II.

The child was crying still.

"I'm so hungry," she said; and when she saw her mother lying on the grass, pale, with closed eyes, the barely heaving bosom the only sign of still present life, the little thing fell upon the prostrate form and smothered the cold face and the creamy white hands with kisses.

"Wake up, momma!—wake up! Do, please, wake up! I won't cry any more, and I am not hungry—I won't be hungry at all. But do, please, wake up!" and she tried to shake the motionless figure into a semblance of life, crying now as if her little heart would break.

The soldier stood there with his arms crossed over his chest, and he felt his throat getting rough, and a tear rolled down his cheek.

"Dog dern it!" he said, wiping his eyes; "I can't stand much of this! I ain't easily sickened, but when a child blubbers it cuts me short. I can't get anything to eat about here, that's certain, and I can't bring her round, neither, so we must be up again and off."

Gently and carefully he picked the woman up again and carried her away, again leading the child by the hand. Here and there in front of a plundered shop the pavement was littered with broken glass and smashed iron and wood work, and, barefooted as he was, he had to tread carefully to avoid injury.

At the corner of a street the door of a German Jew's clothing store stood open. The shutters had been smashed and broken, the windows left paneless, and it was easily seen, even from the street, that the upper storeys had been wrecked.

The soldier gave a cautious look into the place, and then walked in. The floor was thick with strewn rags and torn fragments of sacks and articles of ruined daily wear, which the fiends, in their lust for plunder, had rent into fragments. There was nobody in the place. Not a sound proceeded from anywhere.

The dense pall of smoke which overhung the eastern portion of Richmond was spreading in low-lying clouds towards the still intact western part, but as yet had not reached it. The air was pure, and no immediate danger threatened.

The soldier kicked a pile of rags and old sacking into a heap with his foot, and deposited the woman upon it. She sank from his arms, limp and unconscious, and slipped on to the rough couch prepared for her like an inanimate bundle.

"Come, my dear," he said to the child, "we shall have to go and look for something to eat for yourself, and for somebody to help your momma! She'll be safe here till I return," he said to himself, "and it'll be a job to find anything in this God-forsaken town at this awful time!"

He covered the woman as best he could, and, as he bestowed these kindly attentions upon her, he felt her hand cold and clammy. A shudder ran through him at the thought that perhaps she was already dead—that perhaps her spirit had already fled towards a better world—without his being aware of the change. A streak of grey, prismatic light which streamed through a window at the back of the shop, where the broken shutter gave it a jagged admittance, showed to him, however, the seemingly inanimate form still moving gently and slightly, and he breathed a sigh of relief. While there was life there was hope.

He stole towards the door. The morning king had risen in a golden glory, and shone, a red orb, on the eastern horizon. The air, keen and brisk, bore strange sounds towards him as he peered out—curiously strange sounds. There was a great hum and babel of voices, with now and then a savage cry or a fierce shout, breaking through the din; but, over and above it all, ringing through it, in spite of the villainous accompaniment, a melody. He knew it well. He had learned it, and learned to love it and revere it, when a child; but during these four years past it had been strange to his ears. Yes; surely that was "The Star-spangled Banner" that hundreds of voices were singing! And then it ceased on a sudden, while the wild shouts went on, and another chaunt, stranger still, rose and swelled on the air, and was wafted towards him by the morning breeze. He remembered it not; but, as he turned his gaze towards the east, he saw the Stars and Stripes flying from the Capitol. He bit his lips, and, with clenched teeth, pondered what he was to do.

The shouts and the chaunt increased in volume, and ere

many minutes passed a crowd of boys and men came rushing towards him, crying "The Yankees!—the Yankees!" and directly after that the heavy tramp of armed men resounded in the road. The soldier of the South, huddled against the doorway, saw a regiment of coloured infantry pass by him, singing "Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in his grave, but his soul is marching on. Glory, glory, Hallelujah!" while every now and then one of them would break through the common melody with a wild whoop. The Southerner felt his face grow cold as the long files of blue-coated, black-visaged soldiery passed him. On a sudden one of the officers, a white man, espied him, and noticed that he was armed.

"Here," he cried, "you there! Where do you belong to?"

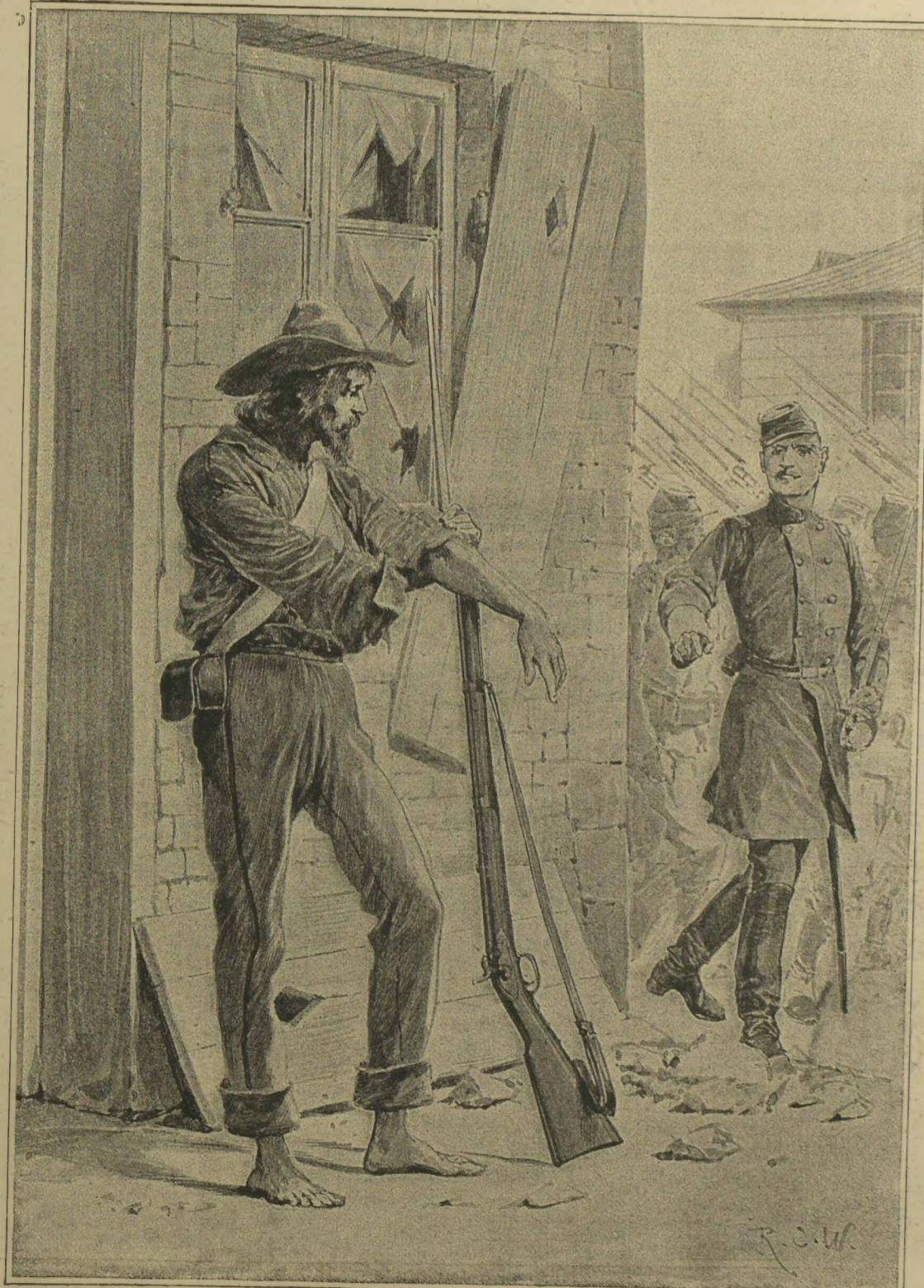
Resistance was absurdly useless.

"Sixty-second Virginia," the soldier replied calmly.

"Well, you're a handsome-looking coon," rejoined the officer, good-naturedly, "and you're just a trifle late in getting off. I'll take that old gun of yours, if you please. It's all up with you fellows, my boy."

The soldier smiled a sickly smile. "Here!" he said, grounding his weapon in regular parade style. "And what do you want me to do now?"

Before the Federal officer could reply, the curly-headed



"Here," he cried, "you there! Where do you belong to?"

little one came running to the two men, sobbing in a hysterical flood.

"Do, please, look at momma!" she cried, with tiny uplifted hands. "Momma won't speak, and she is so cold. Do, please, look at momma!"

The Southern soldier felt a ball rise to his throat, and looked strangely at the Unionist officer. He had been refused help by men of his own side: what could he expect from an enemy?

"That's a pretty piccaniny," said the latter kindly. "Yours, I reckon?"

"She ain't mine," the soldier answered: "she belongs to a poor woman that's in there, dying, I think, of starvation most likely, and she, poor little thing! is starving too."

The officer glanced about him for a moment, as if unprepared in this emergency. He was a tall man, and his closely buttoned light-blue army overcoat revealed a broad, square figure. In the prime of life evidently, sinewy and strong—thirty or thirty-two perhaps. His face, round, brown-bearded, and merry-eyed, was flushed with the ardour of the early morning march and the pardonable excitement of the victorious entry into the beleaguered city. His manner all along had been brimming with humour, as if the good fortune of the moment were sufficient warranty for extravagance of kindness towards all comers. The files of armed negroes were still marching past, singing, shouting, and throwing their caps into the air, amid the joyous responses of men and women of their own race who were dwellers in the city, and the officer turned towards one of them.

"Run and fetch me Doctor Raleigh, and move your lanky legs!" he cried in a voice of rough command, much at variance with the jovial tones he had employed towards the Southerner. There was just a spicce of contempt in his words. The order might have been given to a dog.

"All right, Captain," the man replied, and sped swiftly ahead, giving his musket to a comrade to carry for him. The officer, in the meantime, turned to the little one, and, opening his oilskin haversack, piled the astonished child's arms full with bread, cooked meat, pieces of biscuit, a tin of ground coffee, all mixed pell-mell.

"There," he said, beaming with satisfaction, "we'll soon have a doctor to look after your momma, and you won't starve now, I guess, my little beauty. I wish I had such a one as you. No such luck, though, for poor Rafe Hoad. Ah, but I want a kiss for all this," he added, and without further ado he stooped and kissed the unresisting little face, while the child, with her little arms laden with her treasures, hugged them and looked at him as at an ogre suddenly transformed into a fairy prince.

"Who's hurt now?" asked the surgeon, who had arrived. "There's been no fighting."

"Nobody's wounded," retorted Hoad. "There's a poor woman in there dying, this man says. Give her a look, Raleigh!"

The surgeon dashed into the shop with an alacrity which proved his determination to save life if it were possible.

"Take down those derned shutters!" he cried, before he had advanced half-a-dozen steps. "Give a man a chance to see! It's dark enough to break one's neck here."

At a call from the captain, a dozen swarthy hands tore the already broken shutters away, and a fitful daylight streamed into the place.

The Virginian, creeping in, with his heart full of grateful emotion towards his kindly enemies, saw the Federal surgeon on one knee by the woman's side. He had heard so much



"She at least lives, thank God!" he cried. "She at least is left to me. You'll not starve again, darling, not again!"

about the outrages and the cruelties of these same negro soldiers and their officers. And here, in the flush of victory, they only brought him cheer and succour. The woman was nothing to him—nor kith nor kin—simply a poor creature, forgotten and forlorn, left to die amid the blazing rafters of her shanty; but he had been trying to save her flickering life, and he felt for her and her helpless little one as if they were, by God's providence, placed in his keeping.

"It's all over, I guess?" he asked in a broken voice.

There was a pause of a few moments. The surgeon had opened his little emergency case, and was pouring something upon the woman's half-opened lips. The Virginian held his breath, while the child, clinging to him desperately with one hand, and nursing her treasures all the while with her free arm, asked, frightened, between her sobs—

"What is he doing to momma? What is he doing to momma?"

The Northern officer stood watching the curious scene, while without the heavy tramp of the soldiery still went past. He was peering over the Southerner's shoulder, but the light, obstructed by broken boxes and other débris, was grey and dim in the corner where the ailing woman lay.

The surgeon rose at last.

"It's lucky you called me when you did," he said. "In another quarter of an hour it would have been too late."

As the doctor moved aside, Captain Hoad advanced a pace or two in mere curiosity. The figure upon the pile of sackings moved just a little, and he could see the pale, pale face, with its dishevelled golden halo upon which fanciful little streaks of daylight glittered, and with its deeply sunken, darkly gleaming big eyes that stared first into vacancy, and then at him, with a strange inquiry and feeble wonder that rapidly changed into a mournful recognition—gaspingly, shockingly bitter, yet with no accusation in it. The Confederate soldier, looking on with a heavy heart, yet stolidly, saw a troubled expression steal over Hoad's features. The Captain's eyes wandered from the woman to the child, and from the child to the woman, in a pained amazement, and he clutched the broken counter in a nervous trepidation.

There are moments when the flickering strength returns to the dying even. With a face grey and gaunt as death itself, with her bloodless lips pantingly open, the woman rose like a phantom in rags and tatters. The Virginian uttered a little shriek and clenched his fists, while the Federal captain staggered back. She was leaning against the wall as though she were glued there, with her bony fingers stretched out motionlessly. In the dull grey light she looked like some haggard fantastic figure cut out of stone.

"You've come to see me die!" she gasped at last. "You've come to see me die! You are right! I deserved this, this last punishment of all."

The captain was still leaning against the counter. A cold perspiration pearly on his face, and he muttered agonisedly: "My God! my wife! my wife and my child! my child!"

She had slid back upon the pile of sackings, and sat in the corner, reclining against the wall, in the desperate attempt to retain her position, and shrinking within herself.

Hoad approached a step.

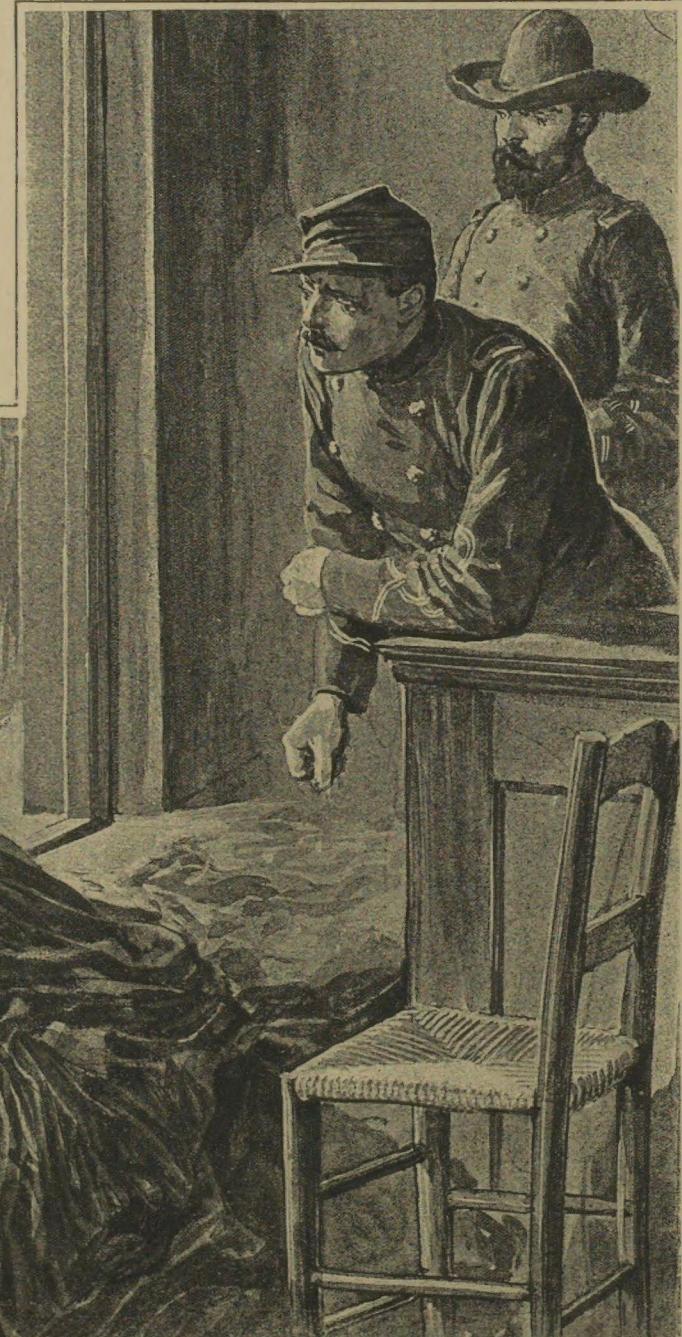
"So you've come to this!" he said, with a hoarse, quiet mournfulness. "It is thus I find you! It is for this you left me and your home five years ago! And he?"

She looked at him piteously. Two big tears welled from her eyes and ran down her white cheek.

"Have pity!" she whimpered, without replying to his question. "Have pity!"

"And he?" he asked, a little more briefly than before.

She cast one long glance at him, and whispered, "Dead!"



"You've come to see me die!" she gasped at last.

With that she swayed, and, falling sideways, lay with one arm outstretched, partly on her rough couch, partly on the floor. Hood rushed towards her and raised her. The head hung limp against his shoulder; but the big eyes were open, looking straight ahead with a strange lustre. He gazed at her fervently for a moment's space, then, uttering a faint cry, allowed her to sink back.

The Virginian had been standing by silently with a curious commotion in his heart, while the surgeon shrugged his shoulders at the defeat of science by fate. As the Federal captain rose, the Southerner understood that it was all over, and taking the tiny hand of the little one, who had been looking on in a tearful wonder, he held it out towards the captain.

Hood looked at him dazedly and inquiringly at first, and then, understanding his meaning, fell on his knees and seized the still sobbing child, and, swinging her in his arms, he kissed her again and again.

"She at least lives, thank God!" he cried. "She at least is left to me. You'll not starve again, darling, not again!"

THE END.

### AT FANO, BY THE BEACH.

We were at Fano, and right glad would we have been to go there three times and sit and see—

Guercino's angel in the chapel there  
And drink his beauty to our soul's content,  
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent.

Indeed, it was Browning's poem that had attracted us to the place. We were on the road to Rimini, taking to reach it a new line, an economical line, as it is called, just opened from Arezzo to Fossato, thus traversing the valley of the Tiber, until now inaccessible to all but vehicles. A funny little railway it is, to be sure. We took seats in a second-class car, rather to the amazement of the people, for in Italy so-called respectable people always travel first class. As there was no third, we had an opportunity of studying the manners and customs of various social strata. Some of the travellers were tradespeople and petty Civil Servants, others workmen on the scarcely completed road. All had that perfectly quiet and innately polite manner that distinguishes the lower-class Italian and reveals how he comes of a good ancient stock. The tickets distributed to us were wonderful objects, the size and consistency of a large sheet of notepaper, printed full of the most abstruse and complicated regulations, which there would not have been time to read between one station and another. Remarkable, truly, this little tram, for that, indeed, is all it is, built in the most marvellous curves. We could often see our engine fizzing away ahead of us for some distance, the whole train wriggling like a snake. The cars were so near the ground, the speed so moderate, that the very wild and beautiful scenery was seen to great advantage, and but for the tunnels, which were frequent, it was as good as driving in a carriage. I am sure we were the first foreigners who used the line, but the people were far too polite to stare or express surprise at our presence.

Several picturesque towns lie on this line—Anghiari, for example, a splendid rocky fortress, rising straight out of the plain, the scene of Leonardo da Vinci's lost cartoon; Borgo San Sepolcro, with its stately towers and its memories of the great painters to which it gave birth; Città di Castello, where lived the first patron of Raffaelle, for whom he painted so many of his early masterpieces; and beautiful, dreamlike Gubbio, a perfect, real, old, unspoiled mediaeval city, leaning against the bleak sides of Monte Calvo, its grey stone buildings blending with the grey of the mountain it caresses. Like all the towns of this region, it has its memories of Julius Caesar.

At Fossato we quitted with regret our little line and returned to civilisation, as represented by the trunk of the Adriatic Railway. There was a wonderful child in the carriage we entered at Fossato, of whom the world will certainly yet hear, if he live to man's estate. Six years old, a veritable *perpetuum mobile*, a music maniac, he, for our benefit and his own, gave a musical entertainment consisting of a *potpourri* of "Madame Angot" and the "Cavalleria Rusticana," two of the four operas he had heard during his brief life, and which after one hearing he could reproduce with absolute fidelity, taking in turn the alto, soprano, tenor, and bass voices, and humming the tune, a stick serving him as bâton and violin. A marvellous little fellow, and intelligent in many ways.

Thus was beguiled a tedious two hours, after which the train landed us at the Fanum Fortuna of the ancients. Its hotel, called Il Moro, is furnished with a wonderful old-fashioned sign representing a turbaned and crossed-legged son of Mahomet, one of those Turks from whose incursions all the cities of this coast suffered so often: a homely, clean, and marvellously inexpensive hostelry, supplying excellent food, and happily innocent of supercilious waiters and all other vices of the modern inn. Unfortunately, it was raining when we arrived, and raining in the morning when we got up. Looking out, we beheld stretched out of a neighbouring window a pair of hands washing themselves in this rain. Whether this was the Fano method of cleansing, or whether it was a manner of evading the hardness of the native element, did not appear. The Fano water was certainly very hard, but we forgot all about this little discomfort when we saw the beautiful pots in which it was carried for sale to the houses (for Fano boasts no home water supply), as well as the lovely fountain it comes from in the picturesque Piazza della Fortuna, so called from the bronze statue of Fortune that crowns the water-source. It was market day, and lively, gaily dressed groups of men and women filled the piazza, and the fountain was besieged by those elegant-shaped pitchers, some coal-black in colour, some of a warm grey tint, with black spouts and twisted handles. One side of the market-place is occupied by a large thirteenth-century building which we at first took for the townhall, but which proved to be the theatre that has been built behind the former Palazzo della Ragione. The façade of brick, with good pointed windows, is flanked by an elegant tower: it bears on one side a sun-dial with the inscription, "Sii avaro del tempo" (Be a miser of time), a useful moral precept which did not seem to be generally obeyed in its vicinity. Near by is the church of San Francesco, under whose open portico are some tombs of the Malatesta family, once Lords of Fano as well as of Rimini. These splendid works of art are, unhappily, in a disgraceful state of decay and dilapidation, the present Italian Government having, unfortunately, only money to spend on useless African enterprises and military accoutrements, and allowing too many of its best treasures to go to

rack and ruin for lack of the most elementary care. These tombs are exceedingly beautiful, in the early Renaissance style, and are precious works of art. The one erected by Sigismondo Malatesta to the memory of his father, Pandolfo, is a grand, very dignified monument, in which the hand of the Condottiere's favourite architect, Leon Battista Alberti, is plainly discerned: a massive sarcophagus of black Oriental granite, adorned with heavy garlands of sculptured flowers, and supported by pilasters in whose interstices are seen the Malatesta arms. That to Pandolfo's wife, who died ere he was twenty, is a very masterpiece of fourteenth-century sculpture: "Her beautiful figure rests, slightly turned towards the spectator, on a splendid red marble sarcophagus, with half figures of saints in high relief in the quatrefoils. Above, under a Gothic canopy, is a crucifix, and around on brackets and pillars are figures of the Virgin and saints, all forming part of the monument." The united initials of Sigismondo and Isotta degli Atti, his paramour, occur repeatedly in the ornamentation of the portico.

Hence to Santa Maria Nuova is but a step. Here we beheld a masterly picture of the *Salutation*, by Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raphael, as well as a glorious Perugino, a *Madonna and Child*, with six saints. The lunette is popularly ascribed to Raphael, and, indeed, its colouring and handling are certainly not that of Perugino; the figures are less stiff, less self-absorbed, the draperies show greater freedom. It is deeply to be deplored that this fine picture is left in a disgraceful condition of neglect. The same regret applies to another Perugino in the same church, of which Hare, with unconscious blasphemy, writes, describing it: "God the Father, exceedingly neglected and uncared for."

From this church it is not far to the city walls, that are still intact, forming a pleasant promenade that overlooks the

awoke great interest in the bystanders, who were mostly washerwomen. "She is taking the portrait of our arch," they whispered. A baker's assistant joined in the conversation, and learning that we had not seen Domenichino's famous picture of David with the head of Goliath—a picture which Lanzi considers sufficient in itself to render an artist's name immortal—he offered to go with us to the townhall to get a permit to see it, it being preserved in the theatre since it was stolen in 1871. Very characteristic it was of the tourist-unspoiled Italian, with his native, innate chivalry, that when our errand was accomplished, and we looked round to remunerate our exceedingly polite guide with a well-earned douceur, he had vanished into thin air. On our way this really remarkable artisan had pointed out another picture by Giovanni Sanzio in the hospital chapel, a *Madonna enthroned*, which reveals most irrefutably that Raphael was quite as much indebted for his instruction to his father as to Perugino. Close to the square on which the theatre stands, and of which the Fano people are very proud—although just now they feel a little sore concerning it, because, thanks to the dishonesty of the contractors, it has been built so carelessly that after thirty years the ceiling has fallen in—there is a beautiful old court belonging to the ancient townhall, that boasts a loggia and some good Gothic windows. Indeed, in Fano one is perpetually coming upon beautiful old buildings, picturesque courts, and stately palaces, bespeaking former well-being. The exceedingly clean, cheerful little town, with its wide, well-kept streets, exhales an air of prosperity to this day. Why Mr. Hare speaks of its very straight, very well planned streets as "complicated," puzzled us all the time of our stay; but then Mr. Hare, excellently suggestive and helpful guide though he be, is by no means always accurate, and also has his little prejudices. Thanks to all its monuments, Fano presents a time-honoured aspect, and this not because of its memorial of ancient times, the arch of Augustus, but because of its fine palaces, its stately porticos, its innumerable churches, its Palazzo della Ragione. We feel we are here face to face with an Italian city of the best ages of the past, we are amazed at the wealth of artistic treasures such a small place has to offer, and we wonder more and more why the little town has remained thus tourist-neglected, unvisited, while in reality it offers many more objects of attraction than many more renowned sites. It is certainly a spot well worth seeing. Its inhabitants are grave, quiet, and well behaved, and would seem to be industrious and law-abiding. The beach-dwellers are, of course, mostly fisherfolk, who in the summer turn an honest penny during the bathing season. It is undoubtedly a town one leaves with regret. It seemed to us as if the white wings of Guercino's angel hovered over it in memory, giving it a special and peculiar charm.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

One of the Church newspapers is dead. The *Banner*, which was started by a limited liability company some nine years ago, has issued its last number, for the present, at least. It was commenced on very conservative lines, and among its promoters was the late Mr. George Bell, the well-known publisher. The editor was Mr. Charles Mackeson. Although it occasionally contained articles and communications worthy of attention, it was never in any sense successful, and the circulation was understood to be exceedingly small. The wonder is that it contrived to exist so long.

It is stated that another Church paper will be started—not on party lines. It is very doubtful whether there is any field for such a journal. Churchmen seem to prefer newspapers that take a definite line on controversial questions, and stick to it. The Church of England is so large that gossip about individual congregations and clergymen is not generally interesting.

Some Londoners—mostly connected with the Holborn district—have a dim recollection of the Rev. J. J. Toogood, who was till 1858 Vicar of St. Andrew's, Holborn. He figured for years in warm controversies now quite forgotten. Mr. Toogood died lately at his rectory of Kirkby Overblow, near Harrogate, where he spent the later years of his long life. In early days Mr. Toogood was one of the most famous hunting parsons in the West. He was a first-rate rider to hounds, and a notable all-round athlete. These accomplishments did not diminish his zeal as a priest, for in his first parish of North Petherton, Somersetshire, he did a great deal to carry out the then new ideas of the Oxford school.

It becomes more and more evident that some bold and determined step must be taken by the Church of England to increase the income of the poorer clergy. "Once a Curate, alas! a Rector now" tells how he accepted a midland rectorcy with an income of about £230. Fees, taxes, and necessary repairs cost him nearly £140 before he received a penny. Since then he has had to pay more than £50 on the sum allowed for dilapidations, and is in debt about £200. The *Guardian* advocates the formation of a sustentation fund, having for its object the raising of all livings in the patronage of the bishops and of the Crown to at least £250 a year. In the comparatively small Episcopal Church of Scotland there is a fund which is large enough to augment local stipends by £50, besides making special grants. The poverty of the clergy might very well have been one of the subjects at the Church Congress.

The drift of Nonconformist Theological Colleges is very plainly towards Oxford and Cambridge. The success of the Mansfield College has already brought Manchester New College to Oxford, and is pretty certain to bring others. The Baptist College at Regent's Park will in all probability be moved sooner or later to Cambridge or Oxford; and not a few Presbyterians desire to see their London college transferred to Cambridge.

Attention has been called to the remarkable novelty and "heterodoxy" of recent religious art—French, German, and American. Till within twenty years ago the Old Masters were slavishly followed. Of late there have been such pictures as Uhde's "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me" (exhibited at the Salon), where Christ is shown sitting in a modern peasant's room surrounded by little children of the poor classes in blue pinapores and blouses. The same artist's "First Christmas Eve" has been seen and admired by many Londoners in Mr. Wallis's gallery. M. Blanche's "L'Ille" shows Christ breaking bread—the familiar long French loaf, while the glasses are of the common kind used by French poor folk. The men and women are of the class from which the Disciples were taken. Mr. Pearce, in his "Annunciation," represents the Madonna as a girl of fifteen or sixteen, with an astonished, inquiring expression on her young face.



"THE GUARDIAN ANGEL."—BY GUERCINO.

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FANO.

sea on one side. The ocean, as is now the case with all Adriatic cities, is at some distance from the town, and smiling gardens and orchards occupy the site where once rode the Roman galleys. A side street, called after Sant' Agostino, leads to the church of the same name. Here we found Browning's angel, whose merit he has not overpraised, though we, too, do not always care for Guercino. His white widespread wings, his beautiful intent face fixed upon the open heavens, breathe love, sympathy, and prayer; his angel hands are clasped gently over the little child confided to his care. The infant kneels upon a tomb, perchance that of his parents, making us feel that the guardian angel must be his only friend. The child, too, is lovely—a gentle, soft, chubby creature. Beautiful, too, are the little angels who hover above, and who suggested to the poet by their gestures the fancy that other work awaited their dear and great angel elsewhere as soon as he could leave his little charge for other tasks. The picture is, alas, in a sad state of decay, though, fortunately, the figures are uninjured. The Browning Society should see to this; the cost of restoration would be very trifling.

We could not, like the poet, go three times to see this angel, but had to content ourselves with one visit, for we had not many hours to spend in Fano, and other sights claimed us. A foremost place pertains among these to the only remnant of the famous triad of buildings that rendered Fanum Fortuna famous in ancient days—namely, the Temple of Fortune and the Basilica built by Vitruvius. The arch is the most beautiful Roman monument which remains in Fano. It was erected on the Via Flaminia by the citizens as a record of the benefits they had received from Augustus, who enclosed the city with walls and towers. Beside the arch stands the beautiful front of the disused church of St. Michael, on which is sculptured a representation of the arch as it appeared in the time of Constantine, when a sumptuous loggia of Greek marble columns was superadded to the structure by the citizens in gratitude to the Emperor for gracious favours rendered to their city, which they held not inferior to those bestowed by Augustus. The photographing of this arch

## A JOURNEY THROUGH YEMEN.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

## III.—KHOREIBA TO SOBEH.

We had left the Amir of Bishi's village some way behind when the sun rose the following morning. For an hour or so the path continued to follow the river-bed, until, close before us, we saw the termination of the valley. A rocky ascent of

miserable flocks and herds were driven. Climbing an outside staircase, I entered a passage, at one end and at one side of which were rooms, the walls roughly plastered with mud, the ceilings built of strong rafters. Above were again two rooms of the same shape and size, and above all the terrace. Across the yard stood a second dwelling-place, much the same in form and construction, except that in this case the staircase was within, for more privacy was required here, this being the residence of the women-folk. I caught a glimpse of them every now and again; very hideous they were with their buttered hair and saffron-dyed faces. Although I had a room nominally to myself, I shared it with a vast number of those tamer of wild beasts, the fleas. They seem to have had a kind of "field-day" on my account, and crawled in such numbers on my carpet as to give it quite a shiny look.

A ride of two hours the following morning brought us to the Turkish frontier. The Custom-House, or "Jimerouk," stands a few miles away from the town of Kataba. The building consists of a kind of large mud fort, with storehouses for merchandise and a yard for driving the caravan animals into. The upper storey is partly inhabited by the officials and partly given up for the reception of passers-by, there being a number of small rooms and cells leading out from a wide corridor for this purpose. Below is a general kitchen, where anyone can go and cook his dinner, and where a grimy Arab of antiquated appearance kept coffee going.

Of course, it needed a few untruths and a few dollars to push my way through Kataba. In the East lies and money do everything. Money touches the heart of the officials and lies put one on more equal terms with

them; they no longer consider one an objectionable truth-teller—in those countries a terrible slur to one's character in the eyes of petty officials. So I had to resort to stratagem, which I did in the following way. Making sure that there was no one who spoke Greek in the place, I passed myself off as a poor Greek merchant from Port Said, whose wife and children were almost starving there, as the coffee I had ordered from Sanaa was, on account of the rebellion, not forthcoming; so, to save my family from an untimely end, I had myself ventured into the wild and dangerous country to attempt to bring my coffee to the coast at Hodaïdah. After a day's delay I was allowed to pass on, and having changed two of my camels for mules—a third was not procurable—we set out about midday under a broiling sun.

The road does not enter the town of Kataba, but the little place was clearly visible, with its camp of Turkish soldiers near by, the first signs we had as yet seen of the rebellion. The country at this part consists of rough undulating hills and valleys, continual up-and-down travelling, but the prettiness of the scenery and the grand range of mountains ahead made the road less fatiguing than it would otherwise have been. Flowers there were in abundance, especially noticeable being a beautiful flowering aloe. Another object of interest

were the ant-heaps, many of them over six feet in height. Here and there among the stony valleys were little plains, all under cultivation, many containing fruit trees, at this period in luxuriant bloom. Night came on quickly, and an hour after sunset we waited awhile for some extra men, whom we had taken on to see us through the dangerous rebel country ahead, to overtake us. It was very cold, so a fire was lit, over which I and my half-nude men crouched. The Arabs resorted to a curious mode of not letting our fire be seen; in other words, constantly damping the wood, so as to keep it from blazing. The tribe whose land

we were passing through now had taken advantage of the rebellion to become independent, and it was considered much safer for us to avoid our presence becoming known. Leaving the embers of our fire still glowing, an Arab signal to our men that we had already passed, we pushed on once more in the darkness, to be overtaken an hour or so later by half a dozen of the wildest, long-haired ruffians it has ever been my lot to behold.

Creeping down a rocky nullah, not far from the village of Azab, we unloaded our camels, and, finding a spot hidden among great boulders, lit a fire. Coffee and supper were soon the order of the night, and, stretching myself upon my carpet under what little protection a scraggy thorn-tree gave from the dew, I soon fell asleep. The following day we did not proceed with our march, but lay hid in the deep valley; nor did my guards allow me to shoot, though game was plentiful.

Shortly before sunset we made a start, keeping to the deep valleys so as to avoid attention. The track was even rougher than that of the night before. Often we were passing between thick growths of thorn-trees, which tore the baggage on our beasts' backs as they plodded bravely along. Night falls quickly in the tropics, and before we had been a couple of hours on the march it was dark. For a time our road improved, for we had entered a wide valley, and made use of



MAN AND WOMAN OF THE HIGHLANDS OF YEMEN.

six hundred feet, the road paved with great blocks of stone, the work of the old-world Arabs, brought us to the summit. In and out of great boulders of rock winds the path, and hard work it was for our camels, lightly laden as they were, to get over the ground. I preferred my own feet to a precarious seat on the stumbling camel. From the summit a beautiful view was obtained of the valley we had passed through, with its precipices and river, with its tangled jungle and shady trees, and far beyond the distant mountain peaks. A rest of half an hour for man and beast, and once more we pushed out over the plateau before us, that reaches from Dhala to Kataba. The country at this part was well cultivated, and presented quite a different appearance to anything we had as yet seen, as on every side were the Arabs tilling the soil, ploughing with humped oxen and camels, or working with the hoe. An enormous range of mountains lay before us, Gibal Haddha and Mirais, a continuous precipice that from this distance looked insurmountable. A few miles over the plain, and we ascended by a steep path to the village of Jilileh, a dozen or so tower-like houses perched on a rocky hill. Here one of my camel-men lived, and, although I had intended making a longer march, he was so pressing in his invitation to "put me up" and entertain me that, in spite of all resolves, I could not refuse. The house was typical of Yemen, being built of good stone-work. The lowest floor, open on to a yard surrounded by a stone wall, formed the stable, where, too, of a night, a few

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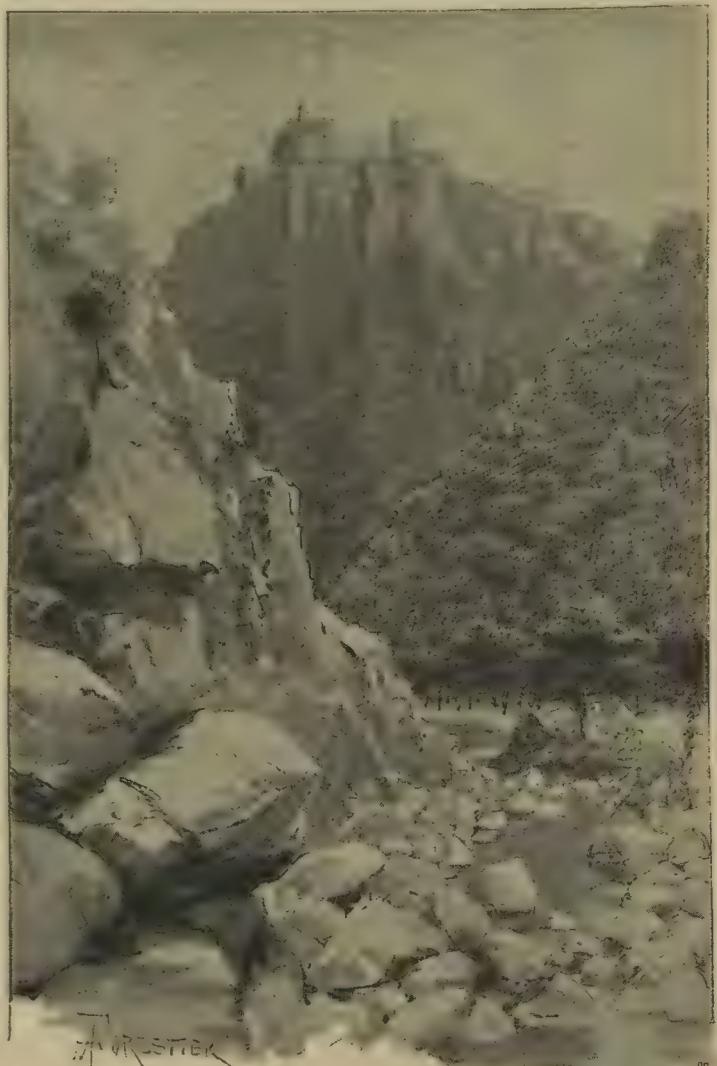
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A VALLEY IN YEMEN.



VIEW OF AZAB.

THE DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT GRINDELWALD, SWITZERLAND.



VIEW OF THE SCHRECKHORN.



THE EISMEER AT GRINDELWALD.



VIEW OF THE WETTERHORN.



VIEW OF THE EIGER.



GRINDELWALD FROM THE STATION: THE ANNEXE OF THE BEAR HOTEL.



DR. LUNN'S CHALET, DESTROYED BY FIRE.



THE ENGLISH CHURCH, DESTROYED BY THE FIRE.



THE BEAR HOTEL, WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED.

## THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

Labour in revolt at home may be fancied as oft-times pausing in the domestic rumpus to watch its fellows in the United States, and mark how labour there is getting on with its revolt. It is a very heroic business in the United States: no affair of ballot-boxes, as at Newcastle (England), but of rifles, guns, stockades, and rather more than figurative wadings in blood. No doubt this way of doing it is thought "advanced" in the United States, and there are blood-on-the-brain Socialists in our own country who imagine themselves hopeful of a time when British labour will be so emancipated from the traditions of a feudal past as to take to knives and rifles like the men of Tennessee. But before that time arrives, British Labour will have an excellent opportunity of observing what comes of wading through pools or even through puddles of blood to the achievement of sixpence more a day; and meanwhile may be thankful that the experiment (which was bound to come off somewhere) is being worked out in a distant land instead of in the High Street and Church Streets of our own manufacturing centres.

It was not, however, for sixpence more a day—or not directly for that purpose—that the Tennessee miners took the field. The revolt on this occasion was against the employment of convicts in mines, as it puzzled some of us to hear. British Labour is pretty well informed as to the superior way in which things are managed in the United States, but it must have been rather surprised to learn that a Tennessee coal and iron company could have on lease as many convicts as it wanted. And so, indeed, can other companies, for "Tennessee is a poor State, and derives a considerable (and much needed) income from this source." And Tennessee is not the only American State which derives a considerable income from leasing out convicts to capitalists. It is a common practice, and one that is grossly abused. Take a back State, for example—one which, while it is more secure from observation, is in greater need than Tennessee of an income from leasing convicts, and what should be expected? Should we expect to find there any particular leniency in dealing with accused able-bodied persons? How is the doubt about a prisoner's guilt likely to be determined, or the question as to whether four or six months is the appropriate punishment, when labour is running short in the district and there is a demand for convicts "on lease"? We know more o' the sunny side of things in America than of the shady side. It is only in whispers that men thoroughly conversant with manners and customs in some out-lying American States will tell you that the leasing-of-convicts system can be, and is, quite as bad as the "coolie system." Among other things, they tell of tramps caught up from the road, condemned for vagabondage or what not, and immediately turned out to work in the fields for the profit of their jailers.

A very significant statement has been made on behalf of a large body of men lately on strike in London. The omnibus drivers and conductors struck for shorter hours of work, and had their will, but not without some reduction of wages. And now it is said many of them are "anxious to do the full hours and earn the extra shilling a day." They would rather have the money; and, having it, would feel more at liberty than they do now to take two or three full days' holiday in the course of every month. Besides, the drivers do not like the "relief man" coming in every day to drive horses for the condition and appearance of which they are more or less responsible. Well, since the reduction of the day's work was done by haggled agreement between masters and men it can easily be undone; more easily, at any rate, than if the change had been imposed or ratified by legislative enactment. The House of Commons cannot be expected to make and repeal labour laws at yearly intervals; which should not be forgotten at Newcastle.

"Ah, why," cried Tennyson's mariners, "why should life all labour be?" "Even our newspapers," we sigh in response, "and our dear speech-making, and our precious

political converse, which is as our daily bread." Yet so it is, alas! Still are we from one labour question to another thrown, and the last is signalled by a sandwich-man movement. Does that seem grotesque? It does, but only for the worst of reasons: the poor creature who carries placard-boards about the streets is among the most helpless of all the miseries who try to earn an honest crust, and barely succeed. The sandwich men are reported to have had a meeting the purpose of which was to see if they could not get rid of the middleman. They are not likely to succeed. We are not going to have our respectable establishments crowded morning and evening by the sort of people who carry our sandwich-boards about. But yet, if the middleman or the middleman's employers had any bowels, he would, at least, cease to make "guys" of these poor wretches, and that without being asked to do so. Such sights as they are forced to appear—broken-down old clerks in paper helmets, starving shopmen and sick artisans rigged out in tea-pots for hats or moving in huge pickle-jars—outrage human feeling; and he should be ashamed who makes such uses of poverty. Perhaps he should be kicked also.

Why should it be particularly noticed in "The Little Chronicle" that Madame Meunier has acknowledged that her

Dr. Meurin, Archbishop of Mauritius.



Dr. Stonor, Papal Delegate.

A PAPAL ENVOY IN ENGLAND: THE INVESTITURE OF ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.

Dr. Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

husband (known as "Le Bossu") was the man who blew up the Véry restaurant, killing its proprietor? Because of a little fact which deserves the attention of no less a personage than the sociological professor. No matter what their condition may be, however low; no matter what their characters, however depraved; and no matter what their relations with their spouses may be either—wives hardly ever speak on husbands. It is the rarest thing. They don't do it; while nothing is more common than the betrayal of criminals by women who have lived with them in all apparent loyalty, affection, and confidence half their lives, being knowingly fed and clothed all the time by the crimes they "blow" upon as soon as a difficulty occurs. Now that matrimony is again the subject of newspaper correspondence, this little fact should be urged on the criminal classes, who are too apt to do without the marriage lines, in which there is so much virtue.

Another mem. for novel-writers has been supplied by a coroner's quest on an Oldham shoemaker, one John Reece. Two years ago Reece stabbed a man; but not, it seems, as a murderer quite, since he was sentenced to only twelve months' imprisonment for manslaughter. Last week he fell dead while reading an account of the murderer Gibbons's execution, Gibbons having also committed his crime at Oldham. The story is that Reece followed the details of that offence and its perpetrator's trial for it with an excitement that increased till the last scene of all was reached, and that killed him.

## THE INVESTITURE AT THE ORATORY.

The scene at the Brompton Oratory on Aug. 16, the occasion being the investiture of Archbishop Vaughan with the Pallium, was of a supremely gorgeous and striking character. The ceremony was one of the very greatest historical import and significance, and the Roman Catholic Church well knows how to invest important functions of this kind with every attribute of dignity, solemnity, and grandeur. Needless to say, the great church was thronged to the last inch of its available space a full hour before the solemn Episcopal High Mass began. A picturesque feature was the number of monks and friars who were present at the ceremony. Franciscans, Benedictines, Cistercians, Passionists, all habited and sandalled in accordance with the rules of their respective orders, sat picturesquely grouped in the space in front of the altar rails. No less than eighteen bishops, sumptuously apparelled in the rich vestments of their high office, took part in the ceremony. High Mass preceded the function of Investiture, and this was sung by his Grace the Archbishop of Trebizond, who had come especially from Rome as the Papal Legate, bringing with him the sacred Pallium. The Archbishop, although nominated to a foreign See, is an Englishman, and is a scion of the great English Catholic

family of the Stonors. Dr. Gasquet, a learned Benedictine father, preached the sermon, and pointedly referred to the growth of the Catholic Church in England. Many of the ancient churches in this land were, he said, dear to them as Catholics, but they were no longer objects of envy, for the Catholics of this land were looking to the glory of another Temple than that which their fathers knew, and already they had gathered into the Church men who were once the very soul of the Establishment. High Mass over, the ceremony of Investiture began. Now the altar presented a marvellously brilliant scene. The bishops present assumed their golden copes and mitres, which gleamed and scintillated through the veil of incense. The Archbishop of Trebizond, resplendent in the superb vestments attaching to his Legateship, took his seat on a faldstool in front of the altar, and proceeded to invest the Archbishop with the Pallium. The English Primate took the oath of allegiance to the Pope, and after the customary prayers the Pallium was laid on his shoulders. His Grace then retired to his episcopal throne on the left of the altar, and the bishops moved forward to "venerate" the garment and press their lips to it. The altar was now a blaze of flashing iridescent gold as bishop after bishop swept across the sacred space to where Archbishop Vaughan sat immobile on his throne. Meanwhile, the choir and congregation sang hymns specially written for the occasion.

For once Latin was discarded, and the hymns in question were in our English mother tongue. After the bishops, the clergy pressed forward to venerate the Pallium, the black robe of the Jesuit, the white surplice of the secular priest blended and mingled with the habits of the monks as the procession moved forward up the altar steps and across the altar space on its devout mission. Then, when the clergy had satisfied their pious zeal, a chosen few of the congregation moved up to the altar steps and the Pallium was again kissed by devout lips. Then the ceremony, with its varied beauty, its gorgeous apparel and striking vestments, came to an end, and the great throng of monks, priests, canons, monsignors, bishops, and archbishops formed into processional order and majestically made its way down the central aisle of the church. The Archbishop of Trebizond was the observed of all observers. Gorgeous as were the habiliments of the other dignitaries of the Church, the sumptuous vestments of Archbishop Stonor eclipsed them all. From the very tip of his towering mitre to the last thread of embroidery on his magnificent cope, this ecclesiastic appeared as in a blaze of gold. Jewels flashed upon his breast, and from a myriad jewelled facets on his crozier flashed the light of the candles carried before him and the sunbeams that struggled in through the stained-glass windows. Archbishop Vaughan, stately of mien and dignified of presence, closed the procession, bestowing benedictions upon his kneeling flock on either side.

**BIRTHDAY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.**  
Aug. 17, 1584, was the birthday of the American people; for that day 307 years ago 108 English folk under Ralph Lane colonised Roanoke (Island) in Virginia. The expedition was privately got up by Raleigh, who bore the bulk of its expense, as of the former expedition, in which Virginia was discovered. The Queen herself named the colony, and allowed him to have a seal cut, with the inscription: "Walteri Raleigh, Militis, Domini et Gubernatoris Virginiae, propria insignia 1584, amore et virtute." Spenser in the dedication of the "Faery Queene" entitles her Queen of England, France, Ireland, and of Virginia.

We have long been familiar with the public career of so important a personage as Raleigh, who, though never a



COMPTON CASTLE, DEVON, WHERE RALEIGH SPENT HIS BOYHOOD WITH SIR H. GILBERT.

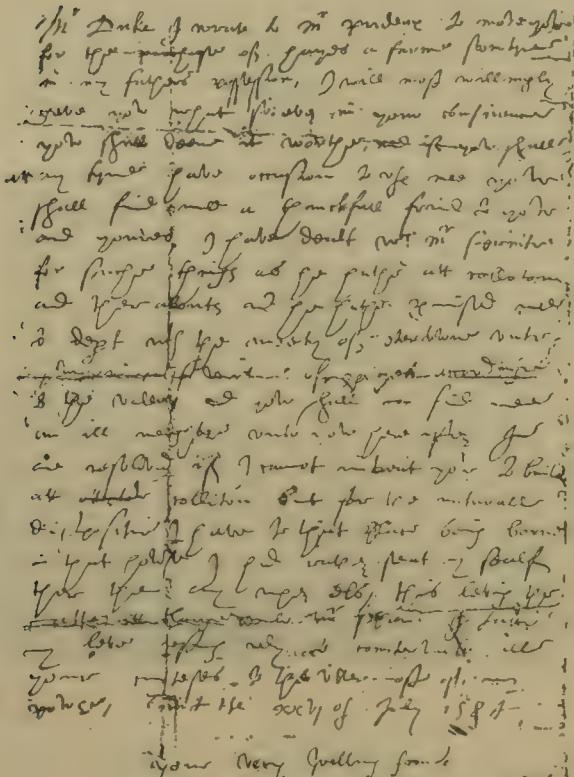
Privy Councillor, had Elizabeth's private ear for so many years, and was the backbone of England's long struggle with Spain; but his birthplace was in doubt till 1888, the letter which established Hayes Barton against Exeter and Fardell showing variations in the three printed versions, and the original having disappeared. But in 1888 Dr. Brushfield, of Budleigh Salterton, the chief Raleigh-ist, noticed in the Armada Exhibition at Plymouth "431. Autograph letter of Sir Walter Raleigh, having reference to the sale of Hayes Barton, his birthplace."

This was the missing original from which the three versions were derived, as it proved, with a considerable abridgment, which the transcriber had omitted, because the creases shown in the facsimile made this part difficult to decipher. Dr. Brushfield, in his excellent monograph "On the Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh," to which we are indebted, italicises the parts omitted. This letter the owner, Miss Glubb, inherited from her grandfather, who was Rector of Bicton, the adjoining parish, from 1750 to 1797, during whose incumbency, in 1775, the estates of the Dukes of Otterton, mentioned in Raleigh's letter, including Hayes Barton, were sold. Lord Coleridge, who hails from Ottery, hard by, preserves the name, John Duke Coleridge.

**RALEIGH'S LETTER TO DUKE TO BUY BACK HAYES BARTON.**

Mr. Duke—I wrote to Mr. Prideux to move yow for the purchase of Hayes a farme som tyme in my fathers possession. I will most willingly give yow what so: ever in your conscience yow shall deeme it worthe, and if yow shall att any tyme have occasion to vse mee yow shall find mee a thanckfull frind to yow and yores. I have dealt wth Mr. Sprinte for such things as he hathe att colliton and ther abouts and he hath ymised mee to dept wth the moety of otertowne unto yow in consideration of Hayes accordinge to the value and yow shall not find mee an ill neigbore unto yow here after. I am resolved if I cannot intreat you to build att ottero (sic) colliton but for the naturall dispositio' I have to that place being borne in that howse I had rather seat myself ther then any wher els this lering the matter att large unto [?] Mr. Sprint I take my leve resting redy to countervale all your courteses to the vttermost of my power Court the xxvj of July 1584 your very willing frinde in all I shal be able

W. RALEGH.



FACSIMILE OF RALEGH'S LETTER.

It is pleasant to find Raleigh, now one of the greatest in the land, eager to buy the modest farm-house in which he was born. Though Hayes is a barton (farm over two hundred acres) the house is not large. It has, as the photograph shows, two advanced wings, each containing one room on each floor. Raleigh was born in the first floor room of the left wing. The house stands a long mile west of East Budleigh, in typical Devonshire scenery—a combe between swelling hills covered on all sides but one with rich pasture and cornfields, the side opposite being occupied with a noble oak wood. Dr. Brushfield thinks Raleigh spent most of his boyhood at his birthplace, nursing his soul for high emprise by self-communings on the wild moor between Hayes and Exmouth, or by the Atlantic shore, only three miles distant.

The oldest-looking portion of the house is the little projecting church porch, with a sort of priest's room over it, and an ancient square-headed oak door, with a bench on each side of it. For the house is built of cob—the Devonshire *adobe* of red loam and straw, which needs many a plastering to preserve it through the winters of four centuries. It is "covered with reed" (Devonese for "thatched"), and stands in a quaint, old-fashioned enclosed garden.

Here Raleigh was born, in 1552, and may have spent his boyhood; but tradition maintains that at least some of it was spent with his gallant half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the founder of the New Found Land, in the glorious old fortified manor of Compton Castle (near Torquay), England's most picturesque legacy from the Middle Ages.

To Gilbert the original charter for American exploration had been granted in 1578 for six years. In 1583 Raleigh got this renewed; and in 1584, a year after Humphrey Gilbert

went down in the Squirrel, transferred to himself, Adrian Gilbert, and John Davis, the most daring of Elizabethan Arctic explorers, as "The College of the Fellowship for the Discovery of the North-West Passage."



HAYES BARTON, DEVON, BIRTHPLACE OF SIR W. RALEGH.

**NEW GHOSTS.**

BY ANDREW LANG.

The recent volume of the Psychical Society's "Proceedings" (July) may be described as "racy" by persons who employ that adjective. Here we have not hosts of odd designs, drawn by researchers, with other drawings wholly unlike them, sketched by hypnotised ladies. On the other hand, Mr. F. W. H. Myers discusses the amount of "terrene" knowledge in possession of the dead. Their knowledge appears to be vague and fluctuating. A certain Dr. Wiltse, an American, is an interesting character. He died, or seemed to die, of a kind of typhus fever, but, like Hesiod, the poet, came back again, and described the adventures of his nearly disembodied soul. It is a curious tale, but the most singular part of it is its resemblance to other accounts of the voyage of the spirit, given by other witnesses, in other lands and ages. One example (Red Indian) will be found in Kohl's "Kitchi Gami," but the best instance is in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." Before the arrival of Cortes, an Aztec princess died, and was interred in the family vault. A few days later her nephew met her in the palace garden. She had come back again, and her account of what she saw in the next world, as far as she examined it, should be compared by the psychical inquirer with Dr. Wiltse's narrative. Examples are not infrequent in books of travel, and perhaps we may conjecture that the visions of people in a state of suspended animation coincide with each other, and form the basis of some myths about the realms of the shadows. If anyone could cross-examine the people in that village of the returned dead which Mr. Kipling describes in "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" a gap would be filled in our knowledge. Meantime, a disinterested spiritualist in America hid half a brick-before his decease, and revealed the place where he had bestowed it after his death, by tipping a table. Somehow, one's judicial faculties decline to accept the record of this experiment as satisfactory. Tipping-tables are difficult to believe in, like spiritual writing on locked slates and slates held under the table. Mr. Hodgson describes with great clearness how this trick is performed by the medium. He simply writes on the lower side of the slate, turns it over, and *voilà le miracle*, as Joab says in Voltaire's play. In the case of locked slates, he

merely substitutes one locked slate, on which he has written, for another which is blank. Nothing can be simpler; yet the device has taken in even experts, not to speak of spiritualists, a people easily gulled. One spiritualist, at least, insists that a certain conjurer must really be a medium, instead of inferring that mediums are conjurers. Mr. Hodgson has absolutely exploded all slate-writing tricks, while an anonymous author shows how "materialisations" are done. The superstitious, in a dark or dusky room, are the facile prey of mere impudence, but nothing will shake their faith or disabuse them of their peculiar logic. Probably the best new ghost in the volume is to be found in the "Record of a Haunted House," by Miss R. C. Morton. The name "Morton" is, apparently, assumed merely to avoid the use of the customary blank. As it happens, I had heard of that haunted house some years ago, and the present account squares with one which I received at third hand, in a round-about way. The haunted house is modern; it had been occupied by a gentleman of convivial habits, whose second wife was unlucky enough to die of dipsomania. It is, apparently, her spectre which "walks," or used to walk, attired in widow's weeds. It was most frequently beheld by Miss "Morton," who tells the tale, and who must be a lady of extraordinary strength of mind. We hear of "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" as the rarest, and that kind is Miss Morton's. After frequently seeing, following, speaking to, and trying to touch the spectre, Miss Morton began to hear it walking past her bed-room door about two o'clock a.m. She used to rise and follow the Appearance "upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber." The odd thing is that, though the ghost's footsteps make a noise, the ghost can walk *through* threads drawn across the staircase without disturbing them. Thus it seems to be both material and immaterial, and to suggest various problems for the Metaphysical Society. But no one can sufficiently admire Miss Morton's courage. Most people would rather lead a forlorn hope than walk alone at 2.15 a.m. in pursuit of a ghost in widow's weeds. Other persons, many, including a cook and a charwoman, have seen this ghost, which is not only visible but occasionally becomes noisy, rattles doors, and produces other sounds and disturbances. The dogs appear to see it, and slink away cowering, like the dogs in Homer when they saw the goddess invisible to men. The cat is "more than usual calm," but it is not certain that the cat, who chiefly lives in the kitchen, has ever seen the ghost. Of late the Appearance has been leading a quiet life, has not taken pedestrian exercise, or made inscrutable noises. Perhaps she is worn out, melted into space, or perhaps she is disconcerted by not frightening anybody, for the family and the servants are quite accustomed to her limited repertory of performances. What are we to make of all this, and of experiences recorded day by day in letters and journals? There is no note of bad faith. It is easy to say that several servants and young people are (1) imaginative or (2) engaged in a hoax. Nor is it a reply to say that nothing is to be gained by the hoax; there is always the fun and excitement to be gained. Only persons acquainted with the seers can even form a conjecture as to their credibility. Others may take Hume's line, and say it

is more probable that a dozen young ladies and servants and boys are deluded, or deluding, than that one phantasm of a dead woman haunts a modern villa residence somewhere. One of these three alternatives, imposture, delusion, or a ghost, must be the solution of the problem, but who can possibly find out which thimble covers the pea? Experiment is vain. The ghost literally "cometh not by expectation," and does not walk when people sit up to look out for it. That is the invariable habit of ghosts. In other matters flighty enough, visible to one person, not to another, they literally never submit to be inspected. This is decidedly curious, and testifies either to conscious will and design on the ghost's part, or to something less laudable on the part of the persons who say that they have seen him. But we never get any farther forward; the whole question is still where Dr. Johnson left it, curious but unconvinced.

The troubles of the Church of England in South Africa are evidently serious. The Bishop of Pretoria (Dr. Bousfield) and the Rev. J. T. Darragh, priest-in-charge of the mission at Johannesburg, are apparently in irreconcilable antagonism. At the last meeting of the Synod of Pretoria these differences came to a head. Mr. Darragh was elected a member of the Finance Board by sixteen to eleven, but the Bishop refused to ratify his election, and brought grave charges against his character. The Bishop also went so far as to say that the Synod was packed with men "pledged to vote against their consciences. The Johannesburg delegates, in particular, vehemently resented this charge, and, after painful scenes, the Synod was adjourned *sine die*.

It has already been reported that Sir Richard Owen is so seriously unwell as to cause considerable anxiety to his friends. For his great age of eighty-eight has to be taken into consideration. The London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post* is informed by a friend who saw the distinguished comparative anatomist a few days ago at the little lodge in Richmond Park, which was placed at his disposal by the Queen, that he has for some time been engaged in arranging his diaries and papers, which are very voluminous and include documents and letters bearing upon many of the scientific controversies of the past fifty years. Sir Richard has always been a favourite with the royal family, and he is frequently visited by one or other of its members. Only the other day his neighbour, the Duchess of Teck, accompanied by Princess May, called to see him, remaining for some time.

Mr. Mundella.

Mr. Henry Fowler.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre.

Mr. John Morley.

Mr. Gladstone.

Sir George Trevelyan.

Mr. Arthur Acland.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman.

Mr. Bryce.



Mr. Asquith.

Earl Spencer.  
The Marquis of Ripon.

The Earl of Rosebery.

Lord Borthwell.

Sir William Harcourt.

Mr. Arnold Morley.  
The Earl of Kimberley.

THE NEW MINISTRY: THE FIRST CABINET COUNCIL.



## BERLIN

T<sup>o</sup> BUDA-PEST  
ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

XII.

Between Amstätten and Vienna stretch one hundred and twenty-seven kilomètres, and we rode them in a day.

There was no longer mud to flounder through, showers to dodge, hills to crawl up and down. The rain had stopped, a hot summer sun was shining, and for the first ninety or so kilomètres to Neulengbach, where we lunched, we flew over the smooth hard surface of a road fairly level and mostly good—indeed, in places not far behind the perfection of a French Route Nationale. It is the charm of cycling that when the pleasure comes the misery is forgotten; and to-day the pleasure was all in the going. We stopped only once to look from a hilltop to the far Danube, with the little white towns and big castle on its banks; once to buy fruit under the shadow of the enormous Renaissance monastery of Melk, where we again came out on the river. We dismounted only



KUMMELBACH.

to walk over the paved streets of St. Polten and Böhheimkirchen.

But all this was changed after lunch. Gone was the good road, and in its place had come back familiar mud and ruts. Too soon were we wheeling through interminable suburbs full of people and carts and carriages, too soon did the paving begin, the dust become intolerable. The last kilomètres into Vienna were as wearisome as the first out of Amstätten had been exhilarating.

For days we had been living in small towns and villages, travelling over lonely country roads. Now, by contrast, the noise and movement of the capital were bewildering. I thought I had never seen such reckless driving even among Parisian glazed coats and red waistcoats. But the excitement of our first impressions wore quickly off. By our second evening Vienna seemed dull and lifeless—a milk-and-water Paris. Theatres were closed, galleries were either moving or taking a holiday. If we went to the Volksgarten to hear a Strauss concert, the rain was sure to drive us away again. When soldiers, with oak-leaves in their hats, marched through the town in honour of the Kaiser's birthday they aroused such languid interest that there was no inducement to go later to see the fireworks in the Prater. Only a few of the giddier cafés made a show of life and gaiety. We would have left at once had we not given our bicycles for a general cleaning and overhauling to a Viennese cycle agent, who said that they were the dirtiest he had ever seen. We felt this to be a distinction, but to him it was an excuse to keep them several days.

Under any circumstances, it is a nuisance to ride through a large town which you do not know. In Vienna it is something worse; since, if you have not a license, if you have not a number big enough to be seen a mile off on the front of your machine, a policeman as likely as not will stop you at every turn. And so, when our bicycles were clean and in order again, we did not attempt to start from the hotel, but took the boat going eastward from Vienna, and went down the river as far as Pressburg.

Hungary was the end of our long journey across Central Europe. We felt that it ought to be uncivilised and Eastern, all gipsies and music and wild creatures with the stamp of Attila—whatever that might mean—on every feature. But, then, we had hoped for almost as much of Bohemia, and Bohemia had turned out to be very like any other country in Europe, only below the average of picturesqueness in costume and architecture. Now, however, the boat had hardly passed the "Gates of Hungary," where the old fortress stands in ruins on the rocks—it had not touched the first pier below—when we found that we were in another world, a world where men wore wide white linen drawers, real divided skirts, the link between the trousers of the West and what Kinglake calls the petticoat breeches of the East; where the women's skirts stood out as in the days of crinoline, and were short enough to show either bare ankles and sturdy calves or a pair of neat high boots; where the occasional man in a fez was a real Servian, and not a sham Turk; where soldiers were arrayed in skin-tight red breeches, braided with yellow, and brilliant Hussar jackets. All along, now, in the wide fields and meadows washed by the river, the same white divided skirts followed the plough or wandered with the great herds of cattle that grazed on the banks; every here and there on the water lay an old floating mill. Even at a glance, even so near the Austrian frontier, Hungary could not be reproached with lack of character. When Pressburg, with its castle-crowned hill, came in sight, we had seen enough to make us glad to be on shore and on our machines again.

But not long did our gladness last. The country was all right—the endless plain dotted with the white peasants, the villages with their wide streets lined with low white houses, their little pond in the centre, and at their every door a well,

with long inclined pole, so that as you entered it the street looked like a quay with the masts of ships rising its entire length. And the peasants, too, were all that they should have been, with costume enough to satisfy the most exacting, and, despite their strange loose shirts and drawers, a certain dignity about the men, tall and erect, their faces clean-shaven save for the long moustache burnt yellow by the sun. But the road was all wrong. It was nothing better than a broad sand track across the plain: in places it got inextricably lost in the no less sandy fields, and we seemed to be going across country as recklessly as a huntsman after the hounds. Only by good luck was it that we kept on in the right direction. It was a long, steady, slow grind to work our bicycles over the loose surface, the wheels sinking deeper at every turn. Nor was it much easier to walk; mud, I think, would have been pleasanter.

By evening we had got no farther than Raab. It was a pretty town, and in front of the hotel there was a carriage with a crest on the door and a coachman, worthy of the stage, in white drawers, blue coat, braided and frogged like a Hussar's, and a round felt hat with long ribbons hanging in the back, a feather stuck on one side. But we were so tired that, even though the gipsies we had come all this long distance to see and hear were going to play in the restaurant, we went to bed as soon as we had eaten our supper. It was through our window, open to the soft August night, that we heard the first wail of the Czardas on its native soil.

If we had not let mud and hills long before this bring our cycling to an end, now we were not going to be balked by sand. We started out the next morning, again by the road, which was no better. It was just the same sand track across the same sandy fields. Of our route I can say nothing, since we promptly lost our way; nor could we ask it of the peasants, who spoke only Hungarian. "Why don't they talk a decent Christian language?" we grumbled; though, if they had, of course we would be the first to take them to task for not having a language of their own. The plain still stretched far away on each side; there were still the little white villages with their wide street and great rows of mast-like poles to the wells; still the crowd of white-robed peasants rushing out to watch us ride. Men in the ordinary clothes of civilised life we saw only occasionally in a village, and once in carriages on the road, when they stared and smiled and tried to race us. "Cads are the same the world over," said J—, for we were ploughing through the sand, and in no smiling humour.

Things looked serious towards noon. We were starving; not a town was in sight, and as we had no idea where we were, there was no help to be got from a map. For all we knew, we might follow the road for kilomètres and kilomètres, and see never so much as an inn by the way.

And when we did, in the course of an hour, reach a village, it seemed as if, for all prospect of eating, we might as well be back in the open fields. We wheeled slowly through the wide street: there was not a sign of inn or even shop where bread could be bought.

We came to the far end: nothing.

A little beyond was a small house standing quite alone. Without much hope, I walked towards it, while J— waited with his machine. As I came in front the door flew open. Five men rushed out, smiling and bowing. I recognised them at once: it was not long since in their carriage they had, as we thought, been mocking us. My spirits fell still lower.

"Ist es ein Gasthaus?" I asked in my very best German, which might have been, I admit, far better, and still not good.

"Madame speaks French, is it not so?" one answered in that blessed language. "It is here, the inn. Enter—enter!"

Never before did French sound so sweet in my ears. And they were glad enough to speak it, since they were Hungarians, and no self-respecting Hungarian will talk German if he can avoid it.

They helped me with my bicycle; they opened the door wide; they bowed and scraped. When J— joined me, there they were all smiling in a row. He recognised them too.

"What are these idiots grinning for?" he said, for hunger makes one savage.

"They don't mean anything by it," I told him. "They are enchanted to see us—I don't know why—and, what's of more account, there's something to eat inside."

The front door opened immediately into a good-sized room. In the centre was a table with seven covers. They pulled up chairs for us by the window, they surrounded us, and then a tall, big, fine-looking old man, with white beard and hair, brought a decanter, wine-glasses, and something on a plate, and placed them before us.

"What is it?" asked J—, still distrustful.

"Two specialties of the country," they all answered; "bread and cognac made in this district. We always begin our dinner with them here."

J— turned to the old man, who was the landlord, to find out what else he could give us. "He speaks only Hungarian," they all explained for him. "But he is preparing a dinner. It will be simple, because he expected no guests. What there is you shall have."

The dinner was served almost at once. It was a banquet—soup, gulyas, that still more famous Hungarian specialty, an omelette and cheese. And when I said to the friendly landlord, who hovered over us heaping up our plates, "Thank you" in Hungarian—"Köszönöm," as the man at my right wrote it in

my note-book—he added an extra course of honey and apples. He had a pretty granddaughter, with very red cheeks and black hair, whom he would not allow to come nearer than the kitchen-door. Three of our friends, who were young, kept making excursions into the kitchen to see her: she was the true type of the Hungarian girl, they said, to explain their interest.

The banquet was all but at an end when one of them said gravely, looking at J— and myself: "Now that you are in Hungary, you must conform to the usage of the country, is it not so? Will you not then drink with us?" We all clinked glasses, and they drank first to our *bon voyage*, and then to America. It was gracefully done.

It was at this stage of the meal that they at last explained why we had been received as distinguished guests. The party of five men, who were engineers travelling on some Government business and had studied in Paris, had heard of us in Vienna, had spent the night in the same hotel at Raab, had seen us start, and, as we knew, had overtaken us. Their smiles then had been all friendliness, not mockery. They knew this was the inn we must reach by noon; we were strangers



GRAN.

travelling in Hungary, and the honour of their country was at stake. The landlord understood the position at once. Was he not a patriot? He had fought with Kossuth; these pictures on his bare white walls were portraits of the great democrats of Europe. Never must it be said that strangers had come to his house and been turned away empty. His duty it was to prove that the far-famed hospitality of Hungary was no idle word.

Well, we liked it—the warm, cordial, heart-whole Hungarian hospitality, of which this, in the little inn of a nameless village, was destined to be but the first of a long series of delightful examples.

The engineers left before us. It was time to settle our bill. The old man brought a slate and chalked it up. It came to a gulden and a half for the two. This was preposterous, and we were sure he must have forgotten something, but how could we tell him? "It's the cognac, for one thing," said J—, and he asked the landlord "Cognac?" pointing to the slate. But the old man shook his head violently. It explained as plainly as if he had spoken that he, as a Hungarian patriot, even though he was an innkeeper, would have been disgraced for ever had he taken a kreutzer for the glass with which he bade us welcome under his roof. Then he wanted to fill our pockets with all the apples that were left.

The engineers had given us elaborate directions at parting. But it was no use. We were as much astray as ever, and not long afterwards, to our surprise, we found ourselves on the shore of the Danube, close to Gran, the town with the big sham St. Peter's on the hill, and the crowds of seminarists in long blue robes in the streets. The boat from Vienna was already in sight. It seemed like fate, and we bought our tickets and went on board.

Upon the first-class deck we were in the West, in the Europe of black coats and Parisian bonnets. But surely it was the East down there on the second-class deck, where a tiny boy in the divided skirts of his country was playing on his fiddle a Czardas for the white-robed Hungarians, for the Servians in baggy red breeches and fez, for the Slovaks with hair hanging long and loose under their broad-brimmed black hats, with enormous leather belts covering the gap between their drawers and their short white shirts. Down the river floated rafts worked by these same creatures, who look as wild as savages and are as tame as sheep. Hills now rose on each side and presently behind them, on our right, the sun sank and we steamed on in the dusk. Then lights were lit on shore, little



A SENSATION IN A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE.

points of gold in the darkness, first scattered, and then grouped on the hillsides and on the low banks, until suddenly a burst of electric light blazed upon us. We were steering under a wide bridge, and the street-lamps of Budapest and their long, shining reflections stretched in two beautiful curves in front of us. It was worth coming by boat to get this for our first impression of the town.

At the wharf a porter took our bags. We wheeled our machines along the embankment, under the trees, where people were sauntering up and down in gay crowds, and open-air cafés in a brilliant line looked riverward. In five minutes we reached the hotel. As we opened the doors, a wild burst of gipsy music greeted us. We were in Budapest, and our journey was at an end.

## LITERATURE.

## THE STORY OF A PENITENT SOUL.

*The Story of a Penitent Soul. Being the Private Papers of Mr. Stephen Dart, late Minister at Lynnbridge, in the County of Lincoln.* (London: Richard Bentley and Son.) Two vols.—A person who could read this book coolly—an achievement, I confess, beyond my powers—would pause here and there to admire its minor and incidental felicities: its picturesque touches, as where the two tragic lovers, on their first abandonment to the passion that is to destroy them, “stood listening to the grinding crash of the water on the pebbles, the long withdrawal of the wave as it rolled back to the sea,” or its compact moral epigrams, such as: “Even if a man did lose his own soul, it was something to have gained the world; it did not strike me then that one of the most common tricks the devil plays is to persuade you to sell your soul, and then refuse to give the price he named for it.” A reader, on the other hand, who was bent, above all things, on being critical, would, perhaps, be distressed by the mistake in pure art which the author does undoubtedly commit of prolonging the narrative after the death of the one human being who provides its centre and summit of interest, a mistake such as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones made in “The Dancing Girl,” and such as another dramatist in Queen Elizabeth’s time committed in a splendid but quite criminally ill-constructed play which he unscrupulously entitled “Julius Caesar”; while still another type of critical reader might linger admiringly on the skill with which the author describes subtle psychic processes without having recourse to metaphysical phraseology, such as Mr. Hardy was unable to dispense with in “Teas.” For my part, however, the book seems to me so powerful that I think it is a case in which the most truly critical attitude is a deliberate abnegation of all expressly critical intention, a willingness to place oneself in the author’s hands, and acquiesce in his story much as one acquiesces in the order of nature. Since “Wuthering Heights,” I have read nothing so strong in the same way—not quite the same way, of course, for Emily Brontë had no ethical aims; while it almost seems as if this anonymous author’s aim had been primarily ethical, an artistic success being achieved more or less accidentally. But I am disposed to place it alongside “Wuthering Heights” as a wonderful embodiment of what, I think, may be properly called the *Northern spirit*. Not that Emily Brontë was actually a child of the English North, but she was, the *spiritual* offspring of that wild Northern nature which is the background of her literary creations. Largely, what one feels in her and in the historian of the “Penitent Soul” is, doubtless, really the Celtic spirit—the Celtic constituent of the English character being admittedly much stronger in Yorkshire and some of its adjacencies than in the South, so much so that few except a descendant, like the present writer, of several centuries of Northerners can, perhaps, fully appreciate the immense difference between the Northern and Southern type of Englishman. The almost savage moral earnestness, the tendency to a certain gloomy mysticism, and the greater aggressiveness and irascibility of the Northern mind—together with a kind of narrow loftiness peculiarly its own—are marvellously (and, I have no doubt, unconsciously) rendered by the author of this book, who has, in my opinion, made an important contribution to what one may be allowed to call the aesthetics of ethnology. The author’s literary skill, which is very great, is quite a secondary feature of the book in comparison with the splendid insight into the mystery of human passion which makes his thoughts breathe and his words burn.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## FABLES AND FANTASIES.

*Number Twenty: Fables and Fantasies.* By H. D. Traill. (London: Henry and Co.)—This is certainly one of the most pleasing volumes that has yet appeared in the *Whitefriars Library of Wit and Honour*. It has the neatness and brightness for which Mr. Traill has deserved and earned a reputation. The wit is somewhat academical; the cleverness, for instance, of the Latin inscription in the last sketch will, it is to be feared, be held of no account by the unclassical reader. But such a one may turn to the astonishing history of the “Protectorate of Poreclongu” or the delightful irony of “The Great Baxtairs Scandal,” or he may console himself with the amusing verses in which a baby of the future criticises the lines of Dr. Watts that his unprogressive nursemaid repeats to him. It is in vain that she explains that his little hands were never made to tear out the eyes of an infant combatant. Here is the baby’s retort—

Not made to tear! Well, what of that?  
No more, at first, were claws;  
All comes of Adaptation, fool,  
No need of Final Cause.

And if we use the hands to tear,  
Just as the nose to smell,  
Ere many ages have gone by  
They’ll do it very well.

Much of the volume is gently satirical. It is written with grace and restraint, and would make an admirable holiday companion for a reader of average education.—BARRY PAIN.

## HERO-WORSHIP FOR SCHOOLS.

*Men of Might: Studies of Great Characters.* By A. C. Benson, M.A., and H. F. W. Tatham, M.A. (London: Edward Arnold.)—It is well that men should be enthusiastic in their youth, before the change of temperament in most renders them slow to be carried away by disinterested excitement. Hero-worship is natural and wholesome in boys, even as it is apt to be misleading and hurtful in full-grown men, who should have learnt to place principles above persons. Heroes all children will make for themselves out of the commonest material if left to themselves; and it is well to present to them in brief and simple form the lives of such men in the past as were really heroic. This Messrs. Benson and Tatham have done for Eton boys and others in the present volume. The selection is fairly representative, though almost all the heroes are chiefly conspicuous for religious work. Michael Angelo and Washington are the only ones whose career is not most noteworthy on the spiritual side. Perhaps William the Silent or Gustavus Adolphus might have found a place instead of Fénelon. For the Archbishop of Cambrai, good and great as he must be accounted, is hardly so much “a man of might.” There is something ambiguous and feminine about his character that seems to remove him from the simplicity of heroism. Pascal was rather the heroic soul of that age.

The lectures on these various lives—which include those of Socrates, Mohammed, Savonarola, Wesley, Arnold of Rugby,

Livingstone, Gordon, and Father Damien—profess to be little more than compilations from standard biographies; and if they are clearly and attractively written, and present their heroes in an interesting light, they have fulfilled their object. This is certainly the case. We trust the book will not be abused by adults who can read and appreciate longer biographies. To boys, “Men of Might” should do nothing but good; in the grown-up it might unintentionally foster that fragmentary and second-hand habit of mind whereof *Tit-Bits* and *University Extension* are among the most curious symptoms.

There is one slip on page 63 which should be corrected in future editions. To speak of “the invention of printing by Caxton in 1476” is calculated to inspire distrust in a schoolboy less widely informed than Maucalay’s.—ARTHUR R. ROPES.

## A SON OF THE FENS.

*A Son of the Fens.* By P. H. Emerson. (Sampson Low.)—Mr. P. H. Emerson has already done so much pictorial and literary work of the highest excellence on the Norfolk Broad and Fen country that he has become the genuine chronicler of that quiet land and its folk. He has done nothing better—nothing perhaps quite so finished and of so fine and enduring a literary quality as this delicious volume. To my mind it gives a quite perfect picture of the slow-spoken East-countryman, half landsman, half waterman, shrewd, handy, high-couraged, adventurous in his way, a Jack-of-all-trades, and fond of a change of living and working, given to pothouse talk and company, to a “spree” at Yarmouth or Norwich, to a “lark” with the “mawthers,” and yet with his eye on the main chance, and growing steadier as he grows older—more and more set on the pleasures of home life, eked out with the spiritual luxuries of the chapel and the “class-meeting.” I am afraid it is impossible for anybody who is not a Norfolk man born and bred completely to enjoy the delicate truth of Mr. Emerson’s dialect and of the touches of local colour, as well as the delightfully toned pictures of work on the marshes. But the fine character-sketching of the Dutch rather than the French type of realism, the rather Scottish “wut,” the brusque, sudden hints of storm and tragedy—the sterner troubles of nature and of man’s soul—appeal to every kind of literary taste. In particular, the scenes between the peasant-hero and his wife, “Jinny,” a rough-tongued, loyal little person, slightly tried by her husband’s occasional philanderings—strike me as admirable comedy. Take, for instance, this bit of matrimonial sharpshooting, examples of which you may, with quick ears, hear in any Norfolk village—

“Why, where you’re going to! What are you going to do with them?”

“That fare [seems] very strange you can’t mind your business. I’m going a-skating.”

“Yes; go and skate along o’ them little boys!”

“Yes, and very likely there’ll be some young women there will want somebody to put their skates on for ‘em.”

“Yes, I suppose so, and take ‘em off again.”

“Some on ‘em, perhaps, ‘ull be afraid to go home. . . . Ah, well! I’m going a-skating. Where are my other snobbing tools?”

“Oh! don’t ax me. They are some of your own putting.”

I looked for ‘em, and draw’d closer to the fire.

“There, don’t come here with your muck,” Jinny say.

“They aren’t muck, love; they are skates, they are.”

I hope Mr. Emerson’s work will make for him the place in English literature he so entirely deserves.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

## CAN MONKEYS TALK?

*The Speech of Monkeys.* By R. L. Garner. (London: William Heinemann, 1892.)—This book, in the language of the author’s countrymen, is “too previous.” Its title assumes the settlement of a question which the body of the work shows is still in the empirical stage. The substance of which Mr. Garner has to tell, and tells pleasantly enough in anecdotal fashion, reminding us of the late Frank Buckland’s books, has been made known already in the *New Review* and other serials, and Mr. Garner would have acted more in accordance with scientific method, the followers of which should, above all men, possess their souls in patience, by postponing the publication of this book until his return from “interviewing” our distant anthropoid relations in tropical Africa. Nothing that he has yet been able to record seems to us to refute Max Müller’s contention that articulate speech is the uncrossed Rubicon between man and brute, although we disagree with him that language is essential to thought. And one thing seems clear: that while apes and still lower animals communicate with their fellows by sounds, these sounds are natural and instinctive, and therefore limited and unprogressive; whereas human language is an arbitrary and conventional institution, which has been developed from a few root-sounds, imitative in the main, and is therefore capable of indefinite growth.

EDWARD CLODD.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Referring to the article “Thackeray at School” in our Number for Aug. 6, a correspondent is good enough to point out that in “Holiday Song, Aug. 1, 1826,” beginning—

Now let us dance and sing,  
While Carthusian bells do ring;  
Joy twangs the fiddle-string,  
And Freedom blows the flute;

the schoolboy had in mind “the finale of a long-forgotten English opera, ‘Inkle and Yarico,’ of which the first stanza runs—

Come let us dance and sing,  
While all Barbadoes bells do ring,  
Love scrapes the fiddle-string,  
And Venus plays the lute!  
To and fro couples go  
Happy still is Yarico;  
White with glee, merrily,  
All the nymphs advance.  
Come let us dance, &c.”

There can be no doubt about it; and I think the sad story of Inkle and Yarico is brought up by Thackeray in “The Virginians” or in one of the “Roundabout Papers.” It was originally told in Ligon’s “True and Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes,” 1673; thence taken and embellished (not altogether to its advantage over Ligon’s simple narrative) by Steele in the eleventh number of the *Spectator*; next dramatised in 1787 by George Colman the younger, in the form of the musical play from which our correspondent quotes the stanza which inspired Thackeray’s “Dulce domum.” The patrons of the theatre a hundred years ago must have been as exigent as their descendants in demanding the “happy ending,” for no story could well be more unhappy in its ending than that of “Inkle and Yarico,” as told by Ligon and paraphrased by Steele. Inkle—the name is Steele’s, as appropriate to the son of a

London haberdasher—was one of the crew or passengers of a trading-ship which put in for provisions at a creek on the North American coast. The landing-party is surrounded by hostile natives, from whom Inkle is protected by one of their maidens, Yarico, until he could safely rejoin his ship. He induces her to take passage with him, and on their arrival at Barbadoes “sold her for a slave, who was as freeborn as he. And so (adds Ligon) poor Yarico for her love lost her liberty.” Probably nothing quite so infamous has been told of an Englishman before or since.

In the case of Inkle and Yarico, Steele made no concealment of his borrowing, for he preferred to quote from his recollection of Ligon’s narrative. In another similar story, the scene of which is also laid in Barbadoes, Steele, like the Nile, hid the source of his fountain; and the source was discovered a few years ago by a curious chance. Everyone knows by heart that capital story told by Steele in the *Spectator*, how Phillis and Brunetta had been friends in youth; how in time they became rival beauties; and how the rivalries culminated in the revenge taken by Brunetta in going to a ball attended by her negro maid, whom she had dressed “in a petticoat of the same brocade in which Phillis was attired.” Phillis, indeed, had been flaunting about in that brocade, which was “more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude,” shining down Brunetta, who had nothing so fine to wear. Phillis swoons away at the sight of the negress’s petticoat, and abandons the field for ever to her cruel rival.

A friend of mine who knows more about the history of the West Indies than all the world besides, was one day burrowing in a heap of old letters, written from Barbadoes in the early part of last century, and addressed to the then “Apothecary” of the Charterhouse, who was also an intimate friend of Steele. The letters were mainly concerned with the natural history of Barbadoes, but in one my friend was delighted to find the original facts of the story of Phillis and Brunetta, related simply as a piece of current local gossip. The writer was keenly interested, for he was the captain or supercargo of the vessel that carried the brocade which wrought all the woe, and had seen Phillis swoon at the sight of it draping Brunetta’s negro maid. The only part of his narrative which Steele owed to his fancy was the early history of the rivals, for they are described in the letter merely as two *grandes dames* of the “Badian” society of the period. Steele embellished this story a good deal more successfully than that of Inkle and Yarico.

Another Coleridge-Browning echo. All the world knows “The Lost Leader,” but few have seen Coleridge’s wail over the “apostacy” of Burke and over his pensions, in the first number of the *Watchman*. Fortunately, his opinion of Burke is known by the sonnet beginning—

As late I lay in slumber’s shadowy vale,

which contains the line—

Yet never, Burke! thou drankst Corruption’s bowl!

But when it was first published in the 1796 volume of “Poems” the line had a note to the effect that when the sonnet was composed (1794) the poet was unaware of Burke’s pensions, and that “when Mr. Burke first crossed over the House of Commons from the Opposition to the Ministry he received a pension of £1200 a year, charged on the King’s Privy Purse!” Further, that he had “retired from the trade of politics with pensions to the amount of £3700 a year.”

These were quotations from a newspaper, but this is Coleridge’s dirge on the defection of his “Lost Leader”: “We feel not, however, for the Public in the present instance: we feel for the honour of Genius; and mourn to find one of her most richly gifted children associated with the Youths, Wyndhams, and Reeveses of the day; ‘matched in mouth’ with—

‘Mastiff, bloodhound, mongrel grim,  
Cur, and spaniel, brachæ, and lym,  
Bobtail like and trundle-tail’;

and the rest of that motley pack, that open in most hideous concert, whenever our State-Nimrod provokes the scent by a trail of rancid plots and false insurrections! . . . It is consoling to the lovers of human nature to reflect that Edmund Burke, the only writer of that faction whose name would not sully the page of an opponent, learnt the discipline of genius in a different corps. At the flames which rise from the altar of Freedom, he kindled that torch with which he since endeavoured to set fire to her Temple. Peace be to his spirit, when it departs from us: this is the severest punishment I wish him—that he may be appointed underporter to St. Peter, and be obliged to open the gate of Heaven to Brissot, Roland, Condorcet, Fayette, and Priestley!”

Hear Browning—

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern to live and to die!

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,  
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,  
Menace our heart ere we master his own;  
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us  
Pardon in heaven, the first by the throne!

Browning is the more generous in dispensing the honours of Heaven—not more generous in his tone of infinite regret for the loss of a leader in this fighting under-world, and for that leader’s own loss in deserting his place in the van of the freemen.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- “Golf in the Year 2000; or, What We Are Coming To,” by J. A. C. K. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- “The Migration of Birds,” by Charles Dixon. (Chapman and Hall.)
- “The Heritage of the Kurts,” by Björnstjerne Björnson. (International Library. Heinemann.)
- “The Magistrate,” by Arthur W. Pinero. (Heinemann.)
- “Scottish Poetry of the Sixteenth Century,” edited by George Eyre-Todd. (Abbotsford Series. (W. Hodge and Co.)
- “The General’s Daughter,” by the Author of “A Russian Priest.” (Pseudonym Library. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- “Vœ Victis; or, ‘Tis Sixty Years Since,” an Etonian Reminiscence, by a Grandfather. (Simpkin and Marshall.)
- “Prince Bismarck,” by Charles Lowe. (Heinemann.)
- “The Countess Kathleen,” by W. B. Yeats. (Cameo Series. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- “A Footnote to History; or, Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa,” by R. Louis Stevenson. (Cassell.)



1. On the look-out for the co-operating column from Fort White.  
2. Yahow Chin chiefs waiting to give in their submission.

3. A halt before entering Falam.  
4. Entrance of troops into Falam.

5. Exploding a dynamite cartridge in a pool to stun the fish.  
6. Chins preparing their food.



"COOL WATERS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. MORGAN AND CO., BOURNEMOUTH.

## PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

## XI.—SCHOOLBOYS.

I never could understand the rage of some English parents to have their boys sent to school in Germany. By all means send a young man over there—or anywhere else—to undergo the process of what is called "finishing his education," that is, looking about him and learning something of life; but keep him at home, at all events, till the edifice of his physical and mental training only wants the roof. And what is said of young men equally applies to young women. It is, perhaps, natural enough that, in an age of mere cramming, Germany should be regarded as an educational field of the first order; but those who look upon education as a very much more comprehensive thing than the preparation of competition-wallahs, the mental fattening, so to speak, of Strasburg geese, will prefer the public schools of England, where equal attention is paid to the cultivation of mind, manners, and muscles—these being the three elements which go to the making of the perfect man. Yet the German schoolboy seems to be educated on the assumption that man consists of little else than mind, and that "*wissen*" is a thing much superior to "*wollen*." It is this want of balance between "knowledge" and "initiative" that constitutes the chief distinction between the educational systems of England and Germany, and it is a distinction which has naturally enough resulted from the marked difference in the social and political structure of the two peoples—the English with their imperial aspirations and duties depending on the cultivation and exercise of a strong individualism, the Germans content to subordinate their personal will to the paternal behests of an omnipotent and all-absorbing State. It follows that an English training would just as little fit a man for a German career as a German education would prepare an Englishman for the life-tasks that await him; and, indeed, I have in my mind's eye the example of a distinguished German family, whereof the able and ambitious members have all come to utter political and professional grief, for the simple reason that their English-trained minds could never, by any chance, accommodate themselves to the narrower mould of their German careers. How silly it is of some Englishmen to clamour for conscription, simply because universal service is the military rule of the Fatherland!—just as silly as the demand of some Germans for party government, for no other reason than that government by party suits the peculiar wants of the English people.

I have said that a German education would not by any means give a man a proper training for an English career; but then the more pertinent question arises, Is it the ideal preparation for a German career? Can that be a good system of education which destroys the eyesight of boys, and compels as many as 74 per cent. in some upper forms to wear spectacles; which makes them work so much at their books as to leave them little or no time for healthful recreation and the necessary training of the body; which lays more stress on cramming their heads with knowledge than on teaching them how to apply it; which loads their memories with classic lore and leaves them entirely ignorant of modern history; and which floods the nation with a "plethora and over-production of so-called learned and educated people," a "proletariat of passmen," who, with their crude theories and their critical bent, degenerate into a private nuisance and a public danger?

In thus characterising the system of German education as pursued at the high schools or *gymnasium*, I have been careful to shield myself from the charge of exaggeration by using almost the very words let fall by the Emperor himself at a Ministerial conference on school-reform, held after he had been about eighteen months on the throne, when he bitterly inveighed against the educational evils which he himself, when at Cassel, also had to share. And evils, indeed, they must have been which left him, even him, comparatively "ignorant of the Great Elector and the Seven Years' War, and made no fewer than eighteen of his fellow-pupils out of a class of twenty-one wear spectacles," while two of these, with their glasses on, could not even see the length of the table. To call a school productive of such results as these a "gymnasium," or place for the exercise of the body, man's chief component part, is surely as curious a misnomer as "Holy Roman Empire" (which was neither "Holy," nor "Roman," nor "Empire"), in spite of the fact that every such "gymnasium" has a room for compulsory cross-bar and other jumping-jack practices. But no amount of body-wriggling, of this compulsory and artificial kind can possibly supply the physical development and bracing tone which come of personal emulation in the breezy cricket-field, the exciting paper-chase, the football scrimmage, and the strenuous boat-race of England; and it is owing to the total absence of all these forms of athletic exercise at the public schools of Germany, together with a crippling and crushing amount of brain-work, that the typical schoolboy of the Fatherland is such a weedy, seedy, spiritless, and spectacle-wearing creature. Small wonder that the Emperor recently placed a handsome sum of money "at the disposal of the Central Committee for the Encouragement of Open-Air Games in Germany."

## XII.—STUDENTS.

By the time the German schoolboy has become the German student he has somehow undergone an astonishing change—passed from the chrysalis into the butterfly stage, so to speak, and thrown off all his mouldy and molluscous wrappings—all but his spectacles, which cling to him through life. Perhaps this purifying and elevating process has, in the meantime, been promoted by a year's service in the army, from which the *gymnasial passman* emerges like a new being, with his brain cleared, his back straightened, and many of his other physical faults corrected; and now, during the next three or four years, he may wander at will from one seat of science to another, selecting, butterfly-like, and sucking the sweets of the most honey-laden flowers of learning—sucking the sweets of learning and swilling beer with all the avidity of a thirst-parched and almost perishing traveller in the sandy desert who chances on a green oasis and a limpid well. For oasis, indeed, it may well be called, that joyful academic time—rich in freedom, unconventionality, and romance—which intervenes between the dreary, drudging years of a German student's schooldays and the arid waste of his State-servitude still ahead. Grudge him not, the *flotter Bursche*, either the form or the fullness of his peculiar pleasures; for as in the dominions of Frederick the Great it was allowed every man to get to Heaven in his own way, so quarrel not with the German student if his ideal of an earthly paradise, or mundane Valhalla of bliss, should be a perpetual round of rank tobacco, Commerse or smoking-concerts, beer-barrels, and duelling bouts, in presence of a ring of spectators mainly consisting

the same trying ordeal of duelling and drinking, have the chief men in Germany, and they all look fondly back to the day when their youthful bodies were bloated with the beer-can and their cheeks gashed with the duelling blade; nor will you find many officials who do not deem their University scars to be their proudest decorations. Repeated attempts have been made in the Prussian Parliament to put down a practice which certainly has its brutalising side, apart from its being positively forbidden by the law; but such reforming efforts have always been neutralised by the sneaking sympathy of Ministers with the vagaries of those who only do as they themselves did in their own academic days. And surely Ministers may be excused for thus winking at positive breaches of the statute-book when their own monarch, when William II. himself, the chief maker and champion of his country's laws, spoke as follows when presiding at a *Bier-Commers* in Bonn, where he himself had studied:

"It is my firm conviction that every youth who enters a *corps*" (or beer-drinking and duelling club) "will receive the true direction of his life from the spirit which prevails in them. It is the best education which a young man can get for his future life; and he who scoffs at the German student-corps fails to penetrate their real meaning. I trust that as long as there are German corps-students the spirit which is fostered in these corps, and which is steeled by strength and courage, will be preserved, and that you will always take delight in handling the duelling blade. There are many people who do not understand what our duels really mean; but that must not mislead us. You and I, who have been

corps-students, know better than that. As in the Middle Ages manly strength and courage were steeled by the practice of jousting, so the spirit and habits which are fostered by membership of a corps furnish us with that degree of fortitude which is necessary to us when we go out into the world, and which will last as long as there are German Universities."

## A MEMORIAL WINDOW.

The Prince of Wales went on Aug. 12 to the parish church of Holy Trinity, Windsor, for the purpose of unveiling the window that has been placed there through the efforts of the Rector, the Rev. Arthur Robins, chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen and chaplain to the Prince of Wales, in memory of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. It is the first memorial to the late Prince erected in this country. The window, which has been designed and executed in Windsor, represents in its three lights the Resurrection of Our Lord, the Raising of Lazarus from the Dead, the Widow's Son, and the Centurion's Daughter. There is the following mural inscription: "In Memoriam Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales, K.G., K.P., Duke of Clarence and Avondale. Born 8th January, 1864; died 14th January, 1892. Thy Will be done." The Prince of Wales was received by the Rev. Arthur Robins, and at his request unveiled the window. Special prayers were used. The Prince of Wales, on quitting the church, proceeded to Windsor Castle and visited the Albert Chapel, the burial place of his son. Here the coffin is awaiting its enclosure in the marble sarcophagus which is being prepared for its reception.

A servant girl named Lelia Reed, living at Pitsmoor, a suburb of Sheffield, was found on Saturday morning, Aug. 20, lying in the roadway outside her residence, seriously hurt. She had risen in her sleep, dressed herself, and stepped out of the attic window, falling a distance of 24 ft., breaking her fall upon a partition wall.

The Rev. Dr. J. W. Hicks, the Bishop-elect of Bloemfontein, and a large party of clergy left Southampton on Saturday, Aug. 20, in the Union Company's mail steamer *Trojan*. Dr. Hicks will be consecrated in Cape Town Cathedral on his arrival out.

Mr. Antonio Mella, proprietor of the Star and Garter, Richmond, died on Wednesday, Aug. 17, at his hotel, from an acute attack of pneumonia. He was a native of Bellagio, and was successively manager of the *Hôtel Grande Bretagne*, well known to tourists to the Lake of Como; of the *Hôtel Meurice*, Paris; and superintendent of the East Room in the London Criterion. Mr. Mella had only recently completed the purchase of the Star and Garter from the limited company, whose property it was when he took it over in 1888. In the following September part of the hotel was destroyed by fire.

Professor Jules Gautier, who is still training for the Channel swim, accomplished a remarkable dive from Folkestone pier on Aug. 20. Gautier was bound with eighteen yards of rope, his hands being fastened behind and his feet manacled. A special platform was erected at the head of the pier, so that the distance to the water was 71 ft. He made a splendid clean dive, which was witnessed by some hundreds of people. In an interview with a representative of the *Daily News*, Gautier stated that he will attempt the swim from Dover to Calais at the latter end of September, if the weather continues favourable, but he will probably finish his training at Rhyl, North Wales. The temperature of the water in mid-Channel, he states, is 61 degrees, but he believes it will improve by the time he proposes to swim. It was 66 degrees when Webb accomplished the swim.



MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE  
IN HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, WINDSOR.

of huge Danish mastiffs as well as the ghosts of the *Deutsche Ritter* and other renowned champions of the German name.

For an intense Chauvinism marks all the thoughts and doings of the German student—the gods he worships, the blade he flourishes, the beer he swills, and the songs—the beautiful songs—he is never tired of singing. And then, again, notice how his devotion to the past, no less than his scorn of the present, are expressed in his personal appearance and costume: his seven-league boots, his sash, his ribbons, his gauntlets and his frogged velvet tunic, his jaunty saucer-cap, and Broddingnagian pipe, his plaster-crossed cheeks, his emblazoned banners that are borne aloft before him on high festal days, his following of fear-inspiring dogs and all his other fighting framework. Is this not an interesting and romantic personage to look upon, a resuscitation almost from the picturesquely Middle Ages? Indeed, he is a veritable remnant of these Middle Ages, and yet an anachronism, which, if unpleasant to many, is, nevertheless, profitable on the whole to his country as keeping alive and fanning the flame of youthful patriotism, courage, and honour, as well as that bardic or troubadour spirit which possesses the light and lyric-hearted *Bursch* when, in leafy summer-time, he starts off on his long pedestrian tours among the hotel-dotted mountains and forests of his beautiful and beloved Fatherland, chanting, it may be, Uhland's pathetic lay—

*Es zogen drei Burschen nördl. über den Rhein,  
Bei einer Frau Wirthin da kehrten Sie ein.*

Ah yes, he has a rich and romantic and even elevating time if it has the *Bursch*, with all his lyric enjoyments; and a brave, honest, and efficient enough man he becomes by the time he gets his doctor's cap, in spite of all the counteracting influences of blood and beer under which he spends his days at the University. But they have all gone through the same furnace,

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have lately met with the description of a very singular plant, given originally, I believe, in a provincial newspaper. As one is always interested in the strange and weird as represented in nature, I give the account for what it is worth. It may be nothing more than a piece of fiction, of course (I have learned caution from more than one instance of a joke being stated in the gravest of terms); but if, on the contrary, the incident described was a real one, I shall expect to hear something more about this wonderful plant. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to inform me whether or not the matter is a "plant," vulgarly speaking, in another sense.

It appears that a naturalist, a Mr. Dunstan by name, was botanising in one of the swamps surrounding the Nicaragua Lake. The account goes on to relate that "while hunting for specimens he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot whence the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots and fibres. The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling more than anything else the branches of a weeping willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan attempted to cut the poor beast free, but it was with the very greatest difficulty that he managed to sever the fleshy muscular fibres (*sic*) of the plant. When the dog was extricated from the coils of the plant, Mr. Dunstan saw to his horror that its body was bloodstained, while the skin appeared to be actually sucked or pucker in spots, and the animal staggered as if from exhaustion. In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from their clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The tree, it seems, is well known to the natives, who relate many stories of its death-dealing powers. Its appetite is voracious and insatiable, and in five minutes it will suck the nourishment from a large lump of meat, rejecting the carcass (*sic*) as a spider does that of a used-up fly." This is a very circumstantial account of the incident, but in such tales it is, of course, absurd "to leave such a matter to a doubt." If correct, it is very clear we have yet to add a very notable example to the list of plants which demand an animal dietary as a condition of their existence; and our sundews, Venus flytraps, and pitcher plants will then have to "pale their ineffectual fires" before the big devourer of the Nicaragua swamps.

The "British Lion" has always figured very prominently in the history of the world, and is a familiar figure both in metaphor and in art. It may be news to some people to hear that the "Irish Lion" is a much more real creature, in respect of its veritable existence in the flesh, and in respect, moreover, of its profitable nature. Dr. V. Ball, who is honorary secretary of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, tells us that lion-breeding has been successfully carried on in the gardens of that society since 1857, and that Irish-bred lions have proved a very decided source of revenue to the society. From 1857 to the end of 1891, the breeding of lion cubs "has been continued through an unbroken descent"; but from 1874 to 1878, inclusive, there was an interregnum, when no cubs were born; and during the thirty years of actual breeding, the average number of births was 53 per annum—a highly respectable figure indeed. The percentage of males to females was 53.8 to 46.2, or a majority of 7.6 males out of every 100. The average number of cubs in a litter was nearly four. The total number of litters was 43, and of cubs 159. Out of the total of 159, 40 were born in April and May and 50 in September and October. The disposal of the cubs is also an interesting detail. Thirty died at birth, or shortly after; 12 died after some months or a year of life; 8 were retained for stock; and 109 were sold, yielding upwards of £4000.

Most of my readers have doubtless heard of fishes which, in addition to possessing ordinary gills for breathing, also have lungs. It is the air-bladder of the fish which thus functions as a lung and enables the creature to breathe air directly from the atmosphere, in addition to breathing by gills the air accessible to ordinary fishes, which is entangled in the water. The ceratodus, a big Australian fish, has always been regarded with interest, not only on account of its lungs, but also because it represents a very ancient fish-type, a fact proved by its geological or fossil history. Professor W. Baldwin Spencer made a pilgrimage to Queensland to obtain the eggs of the ceratodus, otherwise known as the "barramundi" and the "salmon." Although the egg-hunting, unfortunately, does not appear to have been successful, Professor Spencer gives us a most interesting account of his journey and of his other finds in the way of lower animal life. But, speaking of the ceratodus and its atmospheric breathing, he tells us that it cannot live out of water, unless kept constantly damp, for more than a very few hours. In the water it seems constantly to use its lung. It rises frequently to the surface, like a whale indeed, to gulp down its fill of air; while out of the water it keeps its gill-covers shut, but opens and closes its mouth as does an ordinary air-breathing creature. It would thus seem that the big, lazy ceratodus has not quite arrived at that stage of things when, like its neighbour the lepidosiren, or mud-fish, it can survive when completely removed from the water. Its lung is simply an adjunct, as it were, to its water life, and Professor Spencer explains that it is in the fouled and muddy or sandy state of its native waters that it finds its lung of greatest service in enabling it to breathe independently of its gills amid the perturbed water after floods, or when the water is low and the growth of the weeds tends to choke up the rivers.

One of the most wonderful facts in recent science, to my way of thinking, is that which concerns the curious nature of the fossil life, which the indefatigable Professor O. C. Marsh is disintering from the rocks of the north-west United States. As a boy, I remember looking with awe and wonder on Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's reproductions of the weird beasts of the past in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. I suppose the models are still at Sydenham, although I question whether they attract very much attention to-day. More wondrous and far more weird still are many of the ancient American fossils. What are we to think of a four-legged beast called the Brontosaurus, 60 ft. long, with a long neck, a long tail, a very small head, and its backbone "reduced to a mere shell and honeycombed interior"? Or what of Ticeratops, whose skull (12 ft. long!) was extended behind into a big, fan-shaped shield, protecting the first six vertebrae of the neck, and whose length was 25 ft. by 10 ft. high? Or what of a huge sea-beast, with long hind legs like a frog, which must have been able to wade out to sea in search of seaweeds and like food? Truly the United States Government is to be congratulated on the success which has attended Professor Marsh's labours, and when these ancient beasts have been "restored," and their fragments set up in the National Museum at Washington, may I be there to see!

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2509 to 2511 received from William Allnutt (Tasmania); of No. 2515 from B. L. Cumberland (Durham); of No. 2519 from D. Millar (Penzance); of No. 2520 from W. H. Thompson (Teneriffe); and A. J. B. Baxter (Perth); of No. 2521 from John G. Grant, M. A. Eyre (Interlaken); W. H. Thompson, and A. W. (Salisbury); of No. 2522 from M. A. Eyre, C. E. Perugini, A. W. (Salisbury), C. M. A. Anna Downes (Plymouth), A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), G. T. Hughes (Waterford), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Fitz-Warren, and D. Millar (Penzance).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2523 received from L. Desanges, E. E. H. E. Loudon, Martin F. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. L. Jones (Belfast), Shadforth, C. G. Jones (London), Willcock (Chester), T. Roberts, W. Wright, R. H. Brooks, H. B. Hurford, T. G. Worp (Exeter), Hereward, J. P. Moon, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. B. (Plymouth), A. Newman, Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs. Kelly (Kelly), J. R. Dow, Drayton Clara, Dr. Waitz (Heidelberg), G. Joicey, Blair (Cochrane (Clewer), J. Conal, A. J. B. Baxter, G. T. Hughes, Admiral Brandreth, W. Vincent, Bluet, Albert J. Mawer, W. R. Railton, Hereward, J. C. T., F. J. Knight, H. S. Brandreth, and J. Neumann.

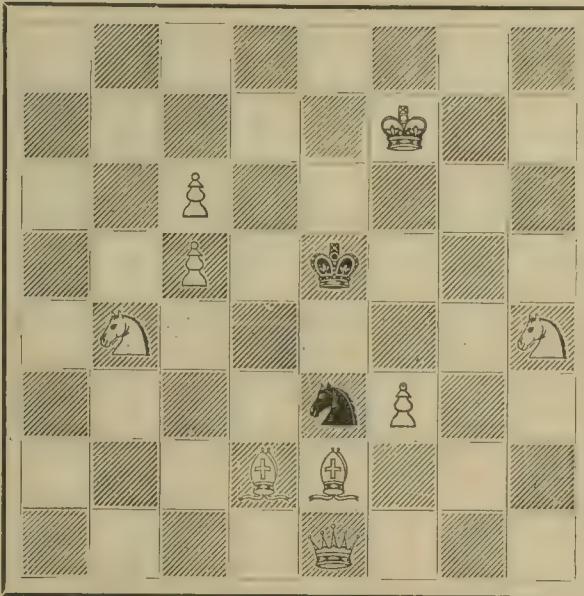
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2521.—By HEREWARD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. K to K 4th R takes P, or Q to Kt sq  
2. Q to B 8th (ch) K moves  
3. Kt to Q 5th. Mate.

## PROBLEM NO. 2525.

By A. G. STUBBS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN BRIGHTON.

Consultation game played at the Countess Chess Association between Messrs. GUNNSBERG and SKIPWORTH on the one side and Messrs. LASKER and McDONNELL on the other.

## (Falkbeer Counter Gambit.)

WHITE BLACK (Messrs. G. & S.) (Messrs. L. & McD.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to B 4th P to Q 4th  
3. P takes Q P to K 5th  
This is, perhaps, the most effective way of declining the gambit, and leads to a strong development of Black's forces. The play for some moves is mainly on book lines.  
4. B to Kt 5th (ch) P to Q B 3rd  
5. P takes P P takes P  
6. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd  
7. P to Q 4th Kt to Q 2nd  
8. Q Kt to B 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd  
9. B to Kt 3rd B to Q 3rd  
10. B to K 3rd Castles  
11. Q to Q 2nd P to Q R 4th  
12. P to Q R 3rd B to R 3rd  
13. Kt to K 2nd R to Kt sq  
14. Castle (K R) Q to B 2nd  
15. K to R sq K to Q sq  
16. Q R to K sq B to B 5th  
17. B to R 4th P to B 4th  
An admirable manœuvre. Obviously White cannot exchange Bishops, nor can it allow Black to effect the exchange next move. It must be said, however, that the White Bishop going to R 4th turns out luckily for White in the end.  
18. P takes P B takes B P  
19. Q to B sq Kt to Kt 5th  
Black has gained a fine attack, and nothing but White's masterly defence can have saved them. On both sides the strategy is of a very high order, and particularly worthy of study.

This Bishop is really the salvation of White's game, and it here comes into timely action.

Again well played, compelling Black to look at home. The interest in this game never flags.

A necessary precaution, as Black threatened R takes Kt, followed by Q to Kt 6th (ch), &c.

33. Q to R 5th Kt to B sq  
34. Q takes Kt R takes Q  
35. Kt takes R Q to Kt 6th  
36. Kt to K 2nd Kt takes P (ch)  
37. K to R sq Kt to B 7th (ch)  
38. K to Kt sq Drawn game.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Dresden Tourney between Messrs. MACKOVITZ and PORGES.

## (Giuroro Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. P.) WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. P.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 11. Kt to B 2nd K to R sq  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q 3rd 12. Kt to R 4th R to Kt sq  
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th 13. Kt to K 3rd Q to K B sq  
4. Castles Kt to B 3rd 14. B to B 4th Q to R 3rd  
5. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd 15. Kt (R 4th) to B 5th Kt takes Kt  
6. P to B 3rd Castles 16. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt  
7. B to Kt 5th B to Kt 3rd 17. P takes B Q to R 6th  
8. Kt to R 3rd, B to K 3rd 18. Resigns.

A curious termination. White can defend by B to Q 5th, which is replied to by R takes P (ch), followed by R to Kt sq; or by P to K 3rd, R takes P (ch); 19. P takes R, Q takes P (ch); 20. K to R sq, Q to R 6th (ch); 21. K to Kt sq, and Black mates in two moves.

A new magazine will shortly appear in London under the title of the *Chess Fortnightly*. Herr Lasker is to be editor, and will furnish the game department with copious and careful annotations.

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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

An extremely useful way of constructing serge or cloth skirts is with a corselet belt cut in one with the skirt; this, which must be well boned, laces up the front or buttons up the back, and a variety of cotton, delaine, and surah blouses worn with it produce an ever-new effect with small bulk in packing. This is specially important for abroad. Great boxes are an intolerable nuisance in travelling on the Continent, and any small devices, such as abundant variety of blouses or fichus, which enable us to dispense with weight and space, should be accepted joyfully. The amount of luggage taken by many women on Continental journeys says but little for their sense. Sufficient garments for all occasions, and enough to guard against the chances of wear and tear in travel, can be easily bestowed, with a little forethought in fashioning, in one or two moderate-sized trunks. But some women will drag about perfect giants of boxes, containing extensive wardrobes, even to high mountain stations. When I was spending some time at that delightful place the Hôtel des Alpes, Murren, I used to see with astonishment rows of vast boxes outside the doors in the corridors. I say with astonishment because Murren is accessible only by a road up the mountain (which Baedeker says can be walked in two and a half hours; but the accomplished pedestrian who took the distances for Baedeker certainly wore bigger boots than I, and, for my pace, quite a third more time has to be added to all his estimates), so that everything must be carried up that distance either on men's shoulders or on mule-back.

If only a few foolish women, anxious to make a display of frocks at the big tables d'hôte, and to show that the expense of portage was of no consequence to them, took these excessive supplies of luggage to such places, there would be no occasion to say anything about it, for a thoughtless or wrong-thinking minority must always exist. But the mistake is only too general. So, surely it is no wonder that many men like to go off to Switzerland or on other foreign trips by themselves, since they have to face the responsibility for so much baggage when they take their female relatives. Dark, useful skirts, whether of washing or thicker material, blouses of silk, or of dressy, non-crushing flowered gauze, or delaine for evening wear, and of cotton or surah for the day, will dispense from carrying many full costumes—at all events, for the young and fairly slender.

The question is more difficult for their seniors, who are—well, let us say comfortable and matronly in figure. But, then, at that stage of the career one ought to be past the desire for showy and frequently varied attire, though certainly not past the wish to look nice, for that should never leave a woman. But a dark and plain tweed, serge, or cloth travelling gown, with a silk skirt and a smart bodice of the tea-jacket order for wear at hotel dinners and casino festivities, ought to suffice in this case. Elderly ladies whose hair is thin ought to wear little lace caps. Linen is always washed very quickly on the Continent, where hotel-keepers and everybody else having to do business with travellers (except railway officials) are much more courteous and obliging than at home. You can give small articles, such as pocket-handkerchiefs and stockings, out to the chambermaid on arrival at night, and have them back first thing next morning; and larger articles take but little longer, if you explain that you require them immediately. It is folly, therefore, to carry large stocks of linen. Gloves, shoes, and so on, if they run out on the journey, can be bought in the towns. The saving of trouble in packing, in booking, in reclaiming, and in arranging for the portage, when one has a small instead of a vast stock of baggage, is so great, not to mention the advantage gained in the expenses, that any woman who wants really to enjoy her holiday in travel should resolve to manage with few boxes.

For country-house visiting among one's own friends, it is, of course, imperative to take a creditable supply of clothes. Such new things as this mid-season shows in the shops are intended for visiting in September and October at country houses, where the shooting parties are generally in full swing. An evening gown that has just been prepared for this purpose was of dead-white peau de soie, with a band of deep-yellow silk veiled by a white Irish point lace flounce round the foot of the skirt; the bodice was cut cuirass fashion, and was of yellow silk, almost covered with Irish point, and finished with a yoke, cut half low, of white chiffon, of which also full long sleeves were made, and these were set into a cuff of yellow silk. Another demi-toilette gown for the same lady was of lilac-and-pink shot surah, the fullness of the bodice drawn into the waist under a Swiss-shaped belt of jet and silk cord; two flounces of black lace went round the foot, looped up at intervals by jet motifs; and there were sleeves only just coming past the elbow, composed of two puffs of the black lace flouncing, with a band of the silk between them, and the points of the lower flounce of lace forming the edge of the sleeve.

A smart dress for dinner wear was made of a black silk gauze figured in stripes with bunches of flowers, chiefly scarlet and gold. This was made up plainly with a short train over black surah; the whole skirt was edged with that silk ruching that so well imitates marabout feathers; and the bodice had a Zouave and high-back collar of the gauze, opening over a folded front of scarlet surah, cut down a little in a V at the throat, just enough to show a necklace and pendant. Some new dresses for day wear are being made with the long bodices called "Cossack" or "Russian." They are long all the way round—that is to say, they have no waist, no division at all to mark the front, and reach nearly to the knees. They are confined to the waist by a band, and hook either up on one side, or, if in the centre, invisibly, and right down. Some are trimmed round the edges and the basque with Russian embroidery, and fur is to be used in a few weeks' time. One such coat in green cloth was relieved from plainness by having a strip of fine black grenadine falling the full length over the cloth from the shoulder seams in front, and cut to the shape of the armholes, into which it was held by a strap of black velvet ribbon. The bottom of this bodice was bound round with black velvet ribbon, and a black lace flounce edged the skirt, topped with a black velvet band. The waistband was, of course, of similar black velvet.

Umbrella skirts are now being made to just clear the ground, and that is the type of skirt worn with the bodice above described. Another new and pretty dress of something the same class had a perfectly plain short skirt of apple-green beige, the basque cut straight round, but not coming much below the hips, the belt green velvet, the top of the bodice cut down corselet fashion, but so as to form two sharp peaks; it was trimmed along the edge of the corselet, outlining the peaks, with a green-and-gold galon; the yoke and full sleeves in one were of rose-pink bengaline, with green velvet round collar and cuffs. This was a very dressy yet plain and not expensive frock for a girl of twenty for afternoon wear. For very slight figures, bodices folded across look better than corselets and are equally fashionable.



A GERMAN WAR-BALLOON.

# THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY



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Of numerous Press Notices, we quote the following from *The Queen*: "The Parisian Diamond Company's new 'Orient' Pearls, which, by the way, are appropriately named, are astoundingly like the finest Oriental Pearls—colour, skin, shape, and lustre being **absolutely perfect**. We are glad to learn that the Company are sending out specimens of these Pearls in order that they may be compared with real Pearls, as, in addition

to the test being especially interesting to connoisseurs, it will be most useful to those ladies who desire to follow the fashion for Pearl Ornaments now prevailing in Paris, and which is creating so general a demand for the new Pearl in that city—a fashion which, it is needless to add, is quickly being adopted in London, and is accompanied by an equally wide demand here for these new and chaste ornaments. The Company's prices are moderate in the extreme, necklaces, for instance, ranging from one guinea upwards."

## AUT THACKERAY, AUT—?

A goodly sheaf of Thackeray's early productions has been gleaned from the early volumes of *Fraser's Magazine*, but there is probably something left for those who will follow the gleaners. Here is one well-grown stalk which seems to have been missed—or, it may be, disregarded—from some pre-conceived notion that Thackeray did not begin to write in *Fraser* so early as 1832. Nothing certainly his—that is, nothing ear-marked with any of his known pseudonyms—has yet been found of so early a date; but the internal evidence for the Thackerayan authorship of the following verses seems sufficiently strong to override anything short of positive evidence to the contrary. Is it conceivable that in 1832 (or in any other year) there were two men alive who could have written these lines?—

Alas! that money should debauch  
Two geniuses so fine.

or—

E. Bulwer is in Parliament,  
A shabby-genteel M.P.

and that only one of them wrote anything of the kind afterwards?

The verses appear in *Fraser* for January 1832, not in the body of the magazine, but on one of three preliminary pages which, not being numbered, are ignored by the index. The binder—the English variety of *sapeur*—delights to discard such leaves, and this may account for the overlooking of these notable verses. "Oliver Yorke," chatting with his correspondents and readers, thus introduces them: "To this next note [which is of no interest] we must append a few verses, written by a friend of ours, on Bulwer's last budget of 'Balaam'—

E. A. AND E. B.

A Christmas Carol to the tune of "God save you, merry  
Gentlemen!"

Impius ante Aram, atque auri cæsus amore.

E. Aram was a pedagogue

So sullen and so sad:

E. Bulwer was a gentleman

Wot plied as Colburn's cad,\*

And the deeds of both, I grieve to say,

Were werry, werry bad.

E. Aram he whipped little boys

With malice and with ire;

E. Bulwer wrote Whig articles

As Beelzebub did inspire:

And both of them, they did these things

All for the sake of hire.

E. Aram killed a man one day,

Out of a devilish whim;

E. Bulwer did almost the same,

A deed well-nigh as grim:

For Aram he murder'd Daniel Clarke,

And Bulwer he murder'd him.

E. Aram's crime it was impell'd

That cash he might purloin;

E. Bulwer did his wickedness

For love of Colburn's coin.

Alas! that money should debauch

Two geniuses so fine!

\* Bulwer was then editor of Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine."

E. Aram he was sent to jail,  
And hanged upon a tree;  
E. Bulwer is in Parliament,  
A shabby-genteel M.P.;  
But if he writes such murdering books,  
What must his ending be?  
Why, that in *Fraser's Magazine*  
His gibbet we shall see."

In High Street, Kensington, on Aug. 20, Mr. Hutchins, of Tunis Road, Shepherd's Bush, fell from a bicycle under a Road Car bus, the wheels of which passed over him. He was taken to St. George's Hospital, but died on the way.

The Royal Archaeological Association opened its forty-ninth annual congress at Cardiff on Monday, Aug. 22. The Bishop of Llandaff was president. Besides the reading of papers and discussions upon the interesting local history and antiquities of Cardiff Castle, Llandaff, and the neighbourhood, there were excursions to Llantrithyd, to Cowbridge, to Llanfihangel, and to Old Beaupré on the same day.

At Hawarden Castle, on Tuesday, Aug. 23, a bazaar in the park was opened to raise funds for the Hawarden Institute and working men's reading-rooms. A new building for this institution has been commenced. Nearly twenty thousand people came to Hawarden on the occasion, chiefly to see Mr. Gladstone, who addressed them in a brief and cordial speech. Mrs. Gladstone assisted at the bazaar, and presented the prizes at a flower-show on the same day.

The diocese of Ripon and the whole West Riding of Yorkshire has lost one of its oldest and most honoured clergy by the death of Canon Jackson, of Leeds. The venerable figure of the Vicar of St. James's had in recent years been more and more rarely seen in public; but he still exercised much influence among clergy and laity alike. He was one of the few living clergy who remained as a link between the old times, when Hook was working so nobly as Vicar of Leeds, and these latter days, when the Church life of the West Riding bears comparison with that of any part of England. Edward Jackson was born in Leeds in 1812. The son of a tobacconist, he was at first destined for trade, and for some years followed his father's occupation. But at twenty-one he began to be warmly interested in the Church work of the very parish in which he afterwards found his one and only incumbency. Encouraged to read for holy orders, he was ordained and licensed as a curate to Dr. Hook at the old parish church. For some years he acted as Clerk in Orders of the parish, but his pastoral work was done in St. James's district. When this was erected into a separate parish, Jackson was made its first incumbent. Possessed now of ample means, he was able to carry on the work with vigour, although no stipend attached to that "living." Jackson's Church views were scarcely those which have always been associated with the dominant ecclesiastical forces in Leeds, but he always enjoyed the entire sympathy of Hook. An Evangelical of the old-fashioned type, his kindly manner and sterling character always secured for him the respect of clergy who differed widely from him upon matters of doctrine and practice. He was repeatedly chosen as Proctor for the clergy. The Archbishop of Canterbury recognised his remarkable influence by giving him a Lambeth degree in 1847; and his bishop made him an hon. canon of Ripon in 1875. His ministerial life was in one respect unique, for it was all spent in a single district, and that the district in which he had first worked as a layman.

## OBITUARY.

## THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

His Grace George Victor Drogo Montagu, Duke of Manchester in the Peerage of Great Britain, Earl of Manchester, Viscount Mandeville, and Baron Montagu of Kimbolton in the Peerage of England, died at his Irish residence, Tanderagee Castle, county Armagh, on Aug. 18. He was born June 17, 1853, the eldest son of William Drogo, Duke of Manchester, K.P., by Countess Louise Frederike Auguste, his wife, daughter of the Comte d'Alten of Hanover, and succeeded his father as eighth duke in 1890. From 1877 to 1880 he sat in Parliament as Member for Huntingdon, and was formerly Captain 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers. His Grace married, in 1876, Consuelo, daughter of Don Antonio Yznaga del Valle, of Ravenswood, U.S.A., and of Cuba, and leaves by her an only son, William Angus Drogo, now ninth Duke of Manchester, who was born March 3, 1877.

## SIR CHARLES VAN STRAUBENZEE.

General Sir Charles Thomas Van Straubenzee, G.C.B., died at his residence in Bath on Aug. 10. He was born Feb. 17, 1812, the second son of Major Thomas Van Straubenzee, R.A., of Spennithorne, Yorkshire, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Mr. Henry Bowen; and having entered the Army in 1828, became colonel in 1854 and general in 1875. He served with the 39th Foot in the Coorg territory 1834, and commanded the regiment at Maharajpore (medal) and Gwalior (bronze star); commanded the British contingent in Greece 1854-5, and a brigade in the Crimea 1855-6; present at both attacks on the Redan (slightly wounded); medal with clasp, Legion of Honour, third class Medjidieh and Turkish and Sardinian medals; commanded forces at the capture of Canton, 1857, and in China until 1860 (medal with clasp). Sir Charles was Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta from 1872 to 1878. In 1841 he married Charlotte Louisa, daughter of Lieutenant-General John Luther Richardson, E.I.C.S., of Bath and Mill Hill, Isle of Wight.

The steam-yacht *Alexandria*, of Greenock, engaged by Lord Downshire and his party of guests for a pleasure cruise along the north-east coast of Ireland, took fire at sea, from an accident to the boiler, on Saturday, Aug. 20. His lordship and all others on board got safely to shore. The yacht was much damaged, but not destroyed.

What is considered a very important "literary marriage" has just been announced at Christiania. The only son of Henry Ibsen, M. Sigurd Ibsen, is engaged to be married to the daughter of Björnsterne Björnson. Mlle. Bergliott is a very beautiful girl of eighteen, whose portrait was one of the sensations of the Salon of a season or two ago. Young Ibsen is a man of about thirty-two, who is *fort instruit*, and who had to quit the diplomatic service on account of his extreme political opinions. He is the author of a book on the subject of the union of Sweden and Norway.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 22, 1891) of Mr. William James Goode, late of 18, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, China merchant, and of Tudor House, Hampstead, who died on May 4, was proved on Aug. 12 by Charles Goodwin, Henry Fores, and Leonard William Goodwin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £114,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his executor Mr. Fores, and £100 to each of his other executors. He directs his executors to carry on his business for three years, employing his sons Minton and Herbert therein, at a salary of £500 per annum each; at the end of that period he gives the goodwill to his said sons, and the profits for the three years, up to £18,000, are to be placed to their credit. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his other children.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 13, 1890) of Mr. Charles John Bunyon, late of 37, Phillimore Gardens, barrister-at-law, who died on June 26, were proved on Aug. 13 by Mrs. Eliza Bunyon, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £99,000. The testator leaves £20,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life; £15,000, and, upon the death of his wife, the further sum of £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Frances Wycliffe Russell and Miss Constance Ethel Bunyon; his freehold property at Brompton and his leasehold property in Phillimore Gardens and Drayton Mews to his wife, for life, and then to his said two daughters; £500 and an annuity of £100 to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Frances Colenso; £500 to his niece, Mrs. Frank Charlewood Turner; £500 to each of his grandchildren; and nine legacies of £100 each to sisters-in-law, nieces, nephews, and cousin. The residue of his property he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1886), with a codicil (dated Feb. 7, 1887), of Mr. George Jeffkins, late of Marrowells, Oatlands Park, Walton-on-Thames, who died on April 20, has been proved by John Jeffkins and Henry John Jackson, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £78,000. The testator gives one moiety of the proceeds of the sale of his freehold property formerly part of Oatlands Parks (except such part as shall arise from the sale of Marrowells), and of his freehold land at Crookham and Ewshot, in the county of Southampton, between John Jeffkins, George Jeffkins, Arthur Jeffkins, and Ann Jackson, children of his late brother John; two family portraits, his vault in Highgate Cemetery, certain freehold land at Priors Marston, Warwickshire, his freehold houses, 196, Shoreditch, and 50, Holywell Lane, Shoreditch, and £200 as executor, to his said nephew John Jeffkins; £500 to his niece, Mary Ann Chalkley; £500 to his housekeeper, Elizabeth Ann Rea; £250 to his gardener Thomas Cossom; £100 each to Elizabeth Green, Elizabeth Blanchard Bell, John Castell, his late cellarman, and his gardener Isaac Simpson; £50 each to William Thomas Reeve, his cook, Annie Couchman, and his cowman, James Johnson; and £10 to each of his female servants who shall have been twelve months in his service at his decease. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fourth, upon trust, for his sister Jane Watson for life, then, as to £300, for each of his nephews Alfred Watson and Frederick Watson, and, as to the remainder of the one fourth, for the other children of his said sister; one fourth between the said John Jeffkins, George Jeffkins, Arthur Jeffkins, and Ann Jackson; one fourth between the children of his late sister Mary Ann

Jackson, by both her marriages, in equal shares; and, as to the remaining one fourth, between the children of his late sister Elizabeth Griffin, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1888) of Miss Adelaide Ellen Isabella Bentinck, formerly of 53, Brunswick Road, Brighton, and late of Nice, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on Aug. 11 by Walter Theodore Edward Bentinck, the brother, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. The testatrix bequeaths 100,000f. to Miss Félicie Maubenge; and 10,000f. each to Madame Rosa von Xylander and Miss Laure Logan. The residue of her personal estate, being undisposed of, will go to her next-of-kin according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1887) of Mr. John Hoyle, formerly of Wheelton, and late of West Lawn, Chorley, New Road, Lostock, Lancashire, cotton-spinner, who died on March 25, was proved on Aug. 13 by Richard Hoyle, the son, George Whaite, and Joseph Lee Fox, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator gives all his lands at Wheelton, and, subject to a payment of ten shillings per week, to his sister Grace Hoyle, his house at Sharples to his son Richard; he also gives to his said son 275 of his shares in the Park Street Mills Spinning Company, Heywood; and his house in Park Road, Chorley, and all his furniture and effects to his daughter Emma. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon various trusts, for his daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, Martha, Ellen, Edith, and Emma, and the children of his late daughter Eliza, except his grandson, George Brown, who is already sufficiently provided for.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1880) of Mr. Richard William Selby-Lowndes, J.P., late of Elmers, Bletchley, Bucks, who died on May 10, was proved on Aug. 10 by Mrs. Mary Susan Selby-Lowndes, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths his pictures, prints, and plate, to his wife, for life, or widowhood, and then to all his children; his guns and sporting dogs, to his son Richard William; and £200, his household furniture and effects, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining his unmarried daughters. At her death or second marriage, his said son is given the option of purchasing Elmers for £2000, and he bequeaths to him and to his daughters Mrs. Aspinall and Mrs. Watts £500 each. The ultimate residue is to be divided between his other daughters.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1878) of Doña Cristina Baro y Jimenez de Soler, Countess de la Diana, late of Matanzas, Cuba, who died on Sept. 30, 1890, was proved in London on Aug. 10 by Don Juan Soler y Morell, Count de la Diana, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix constitutes and appoints as her universal heirs her legitimate children, Don Leandro, Doña Concepción, Doña Cristina, Doña María Josefa, Doña Juan Enriquez, Doña Matilde, Doña María, Doña Julio, and Don Alberto.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Ann Wright, late of 20, Phillimore Gardens, who died on July 6, at Loddon Vicarage, Loddon, Norfolk, were proved on Aug. 6 by Charles Eve, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8992.

The will of the Hon. Mrs. Isabella Jane Tottenham, widow of Colonel Charles John Tottenham, J.P., D.L., late of 12, St.

George's Road, Eccleston Square, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 16 by Charles Robert Worsley Tottenham, the son, and Viscount Oxenbridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5627.

The will (dated June 10, 1890) of Dame Virginia Gouldsmid, late of 105, Piccadilly, and of Somerhill, Kent, who died on May 22, at Cannes, was proved on Aug. 6 by Sir Charles James Jessel, Bart., one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5464. The testatrix bequeaths her watches, jewels, and ornaments of the person to her executors to distribute among her children, friends, and relatives; the residue of her property she gives to her sister, Giulia Sarfatti.

The will of Sir John Lees, Bart., late of Beachlands, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on June 19, was proved on Aug. 12 by Clarence George Scott Pigou and Clement Upperton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3171.

The will of Mr. William Paterson, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, late of 21, Lansdowne Road, Notting Hill, who died on June 8, was proved on Aug. 5 by the Rev. Thomas Frederick Paterson and Captain Edward Hamilton Paterson, R.A., the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £2535.

## "WANTING IS—WHAT?"

*The Poets and Poetry of the Century: Joanna Baillie to Mathilde Blind.* Edited by Alfred H. Miles. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)—"The cat," saith the proverb, "would catch fish, but would not wet her paws." Herein, as in most other respects, is the beast of Pash (as the good Sir Edwin might say) a type of the Eternal Feminine. For even as the animal loved of men who are poets—I mean the cat—does the soul of woman crave for the perfect result while rejecting the necessary processes that lead to it. She will attain fame as a painter, but will not learn how to handle brush and palette; and, making up (à la Bashkirself) by her temperament for the defects of her work, will achieve notoriety as a charming woman who paints, and think it the same as the glory of a woman who paints charmingly. And, with few though increasingly numerous exceptions, women reject not only the rules but the very conception of law. Now, in all art there are laws of varying weight and value—not always to be observed slavishly, but never to be transgressed wantonly, ignorantly, or without the excuse of a higher beauty to be attained. Such are the laws of metre and rhyme, and it may be said that none may break them but those who have learnt to observe them rigorously. Only he who can rhyme well is fit to discern the higher melody of unrhymed verse; only he who can write in difficult metres and never break rhythm is able to evoke the haunting charm that may lie in cunning irregularity.

Of these considerations they of the softer sex reck little. When a law is a difficulty to them, they do not either observe or boldly transgress it; they evade it. Their irregularities of verse are not in the interests of beauty but of convenience. Between the difficult labour of rhyming accurately and the yet more difficult labour of replacing the music of rhyme by the higher and more subtle harmonies of unrhymed verse, they choose the base and easy course of loose rhythms and bad rhymes, that keep the promise of poetry to the eye and break it

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to the ear. It is the feminine and sentimental temper now largely diffused among men, women, and New Journalists that leads in matters other than artistic to the disregard and evasion of any rule or law conflicting with the fad or emotion of the moment; and from this the progress is easy to that Anarchistic or Keltic temper which looks on a positive rule (even as a head) as something to be broken openly and with joy.

To these wholesome reflections have we been led by considering a stout volume called somewhat largely "The Poets and Poetry of the Century," but in fact a selection from the verses of some thirty female verse-writers of varying eminence, from "Joanna Baillie to Mathilde Blind," with, to each, a prefatory essay, modest but sufficient, by some appreciative critic.

Many of the pieces chosen are familiar—indeed, too familiar. We might quarrel with the editors for sometimes giving us the most popular rather than the best poems—even as every selection from Longfellow must needs include "Excelsior" and the "Psalm of Life," perhaps the two very worst pieces he ever wrote. Whether Eliza Cook need have been included at all is a question for argument; but surely we need not have had "The Old Armchair." Mr. J. H. Ingram gallantly vindicates the claim of her jog-trot moralities to inclusion: her verses, he points out, are wholesome, they meet the needs of the people, they "have often caused the eyes to dim with tears"—all which things may as truly be said of onions; yet are not onions roses, nor Eliza's rhymes poetry. Again, since Adelaide Procter there had to be, why give us the lyric called "Sent to Heaven" ("I had a message to send her, To

her whom my soul loved best"), a piece which countless amateur singers have made numberless hearers wish "Sent to—" well, "another place." Speaking of which copy of verses, we may note that the late Miss Procter regarded "here" and "hear" as tolerable rhymes.

And this frightful solecism leads us back once more to the great defect of female verse-writers. Hardly more than five or six out of the thirty—including the two immortal Scotch-women Joanna Baillie and Lady Nairne at the beginning, and a few of the latest in time—have made a serious and honest effort to write verse in a properly artistic manner. Mrs. Browning, the greatest name, is also one of the greatest offenders. Why, in the pathetic "Bertha in the Lane," must the reader grind his teeth over the horrid assonances that were Mrs. Browning's substitute for rhymes?—

Though the clock stands at the noon,  
I am weary. I have seen,  
Sweet, for thee, a wedding gown—

not to mention the dissyllabic and trisyllabic atrocities of "The Cry of the Children." But others of these writers are as weak, though scarcely as wrong. Hardly ever is there the perfection of form which comes from unflagging inspiration or the different perfection of unfailing skill.

It is a real refreshment to the spirit to come upon the work of one who is a careful and conscientious artist in verse as well as a "woman poet"—namely, Miss Christina Rossetti. This aspect Mr. Arthur Symons has duly pointed out in his wonted kaleidoscopic language; but why, oh! why, are the quotations in his essay so much better and more representative than the

pieces in the ostensible selection? It is a delight, after the facile balladries of many "women poets" (save the mark!) to chance upon a simple and seemingly careless stanza in "Sing-Song"!—

Alas! your crown of wind-flowers  
Can never make you fly;  
I twist them in a crown to-day,  
And to-night they die.

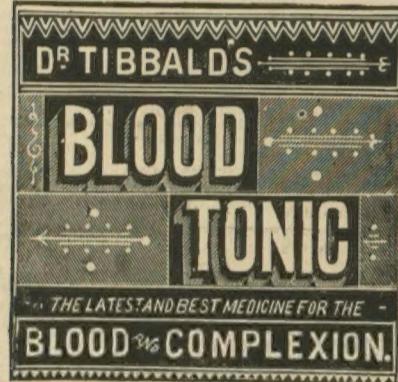
The stanza is very simple; it seems very easy to catch such a tune. Is it? Turn to another writer in the volume—

There lived a sturdy coastguard,  
Watching the whole night long;  
And he sang to the sea, to the sea sang he,  
This was his simple song.

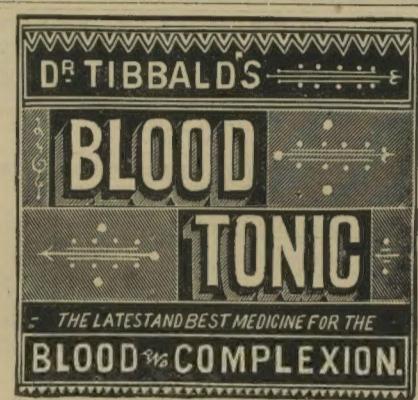
These are the irregular verses of a writer who thought—or, at any rate, claimed—that "Bright Down" and "night-gown" rhymed. Here may we see the difference between a poet and a "woman poet."

But enough of criticism. The later we get in the selection the better, at least, grows the workmanship. Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Hamilton King, Mrs. Pfeiffer and Miss Blind are all in their various ways careful and honest workers; if they ever fail, it is not by evasion of difficulty. And the selection from later writers, which is promised to follow this volume, should be better still from the artistic point of view. There is a goodly number of female rhymers to select from, living or but lately dead. A pleasant anthology enough might be culled from the verses even of those modern muses who are understood to be shepherded by our Apollo of the Brindled Hair.

A. R. R.



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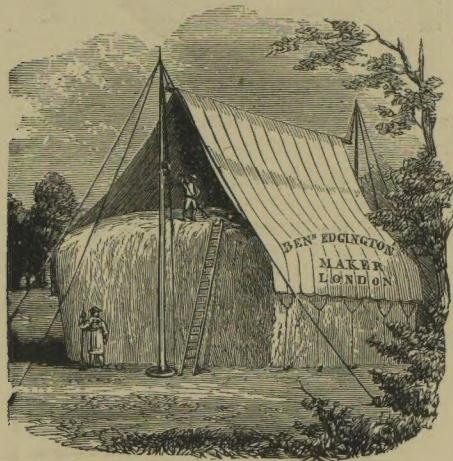
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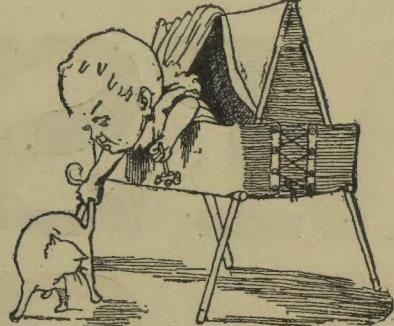
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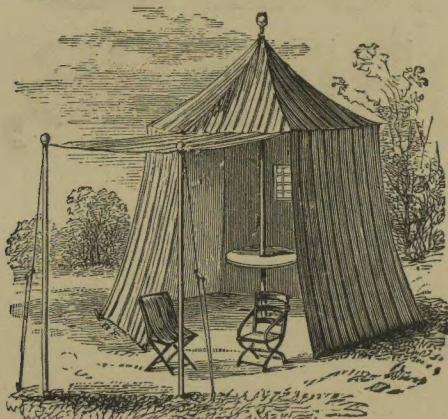
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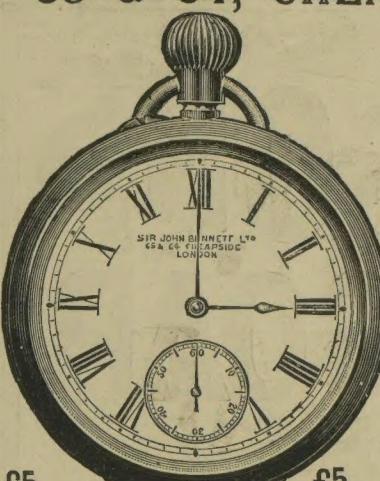
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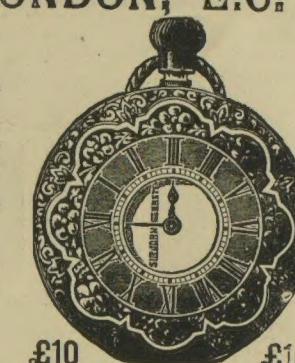
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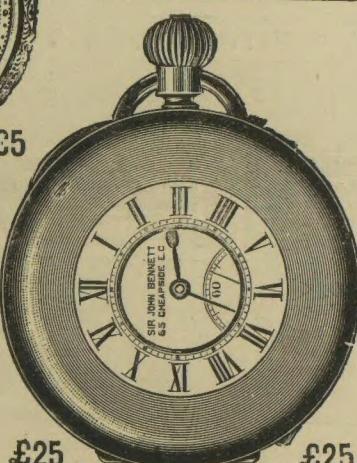
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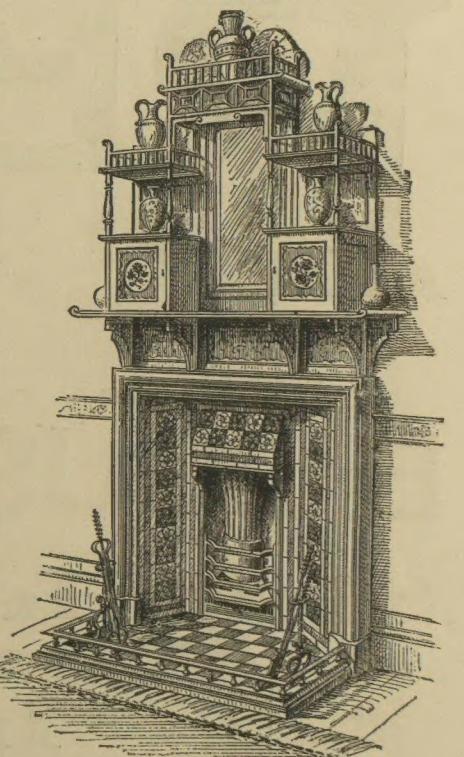
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